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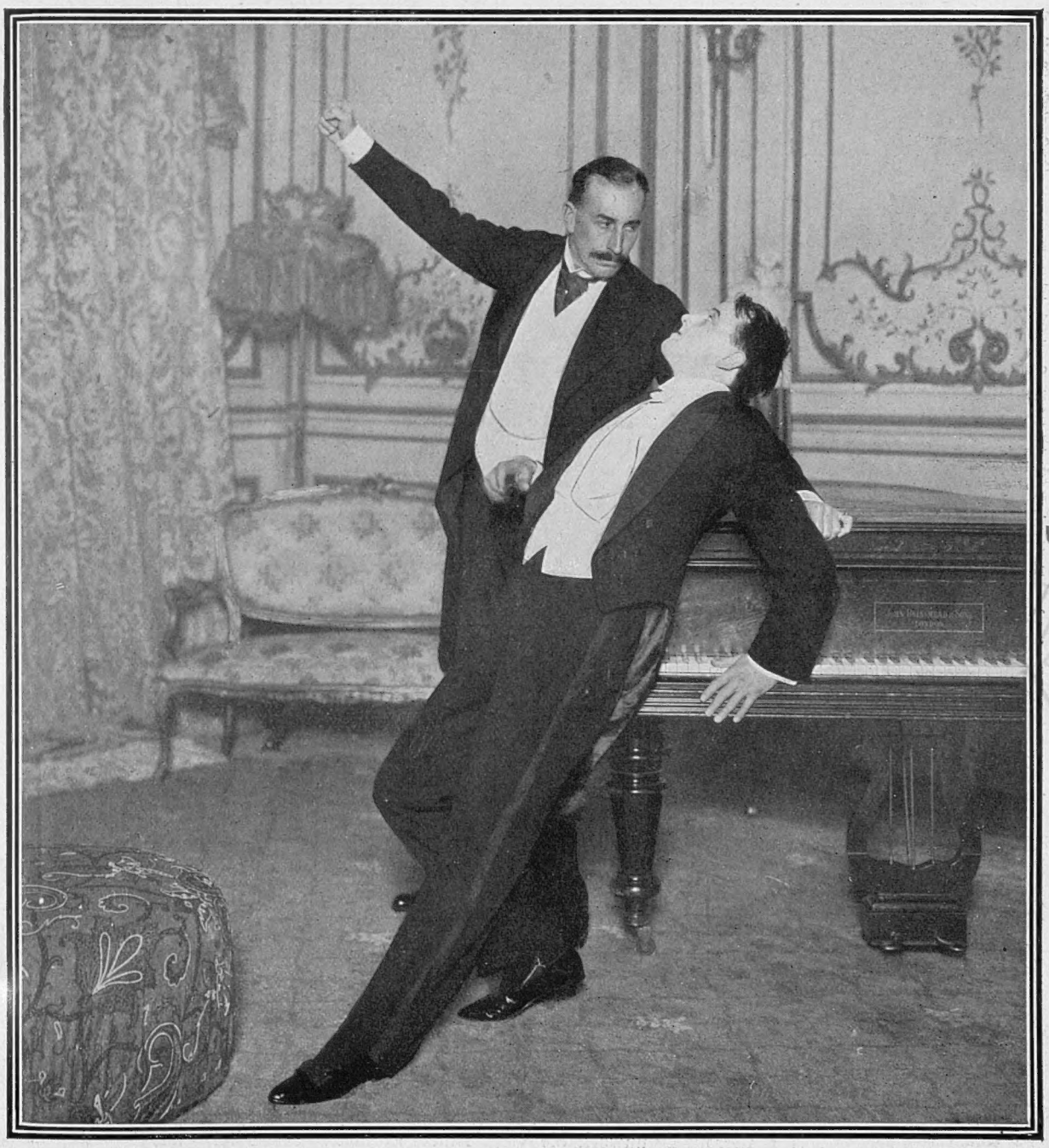
Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 419.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 13, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



"My wife isn't good enough for you it seems. You regard her with coldness, with indifference; and you have the cool cheek to tell me so to my face. For two pins I'd flatten your nose in to teach you manners"

## A SCENE FROM "HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND"

Mr. Shaw's Playlet now being given at the Palace Theatre

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

### The Durbar Surprise

WE were promised a political surprise for the Durbar in the shape of an Indian administrative reform. By this time, no doubt, the cat is out of the bag, and I hope it will not prove too ferocious an animal. Nevertheless, most of us suspected that the King-Emperor's visit, undertaken at a time when Europe was in the throes of grave anxieties, had more than a merely personal and ceremonial motive. Certainly a better moment than the present could not have been chosen for some concession by us to Mohammedan sentiment, so sadly shaken by doings in Tripoli.

***

### Curtailed Descriptions?

One very welcome effect of such an announcement as Home Rule for India (if that is what it is to be) will be that it will compel the considerable curtailment of the special correspondents' descriptions of the Durbar itself, of which one is likely to grow weary rather soon. Last June tired us somewhat of processional adjectives plain, and there is little audible demand for their colour-reproduction.

***

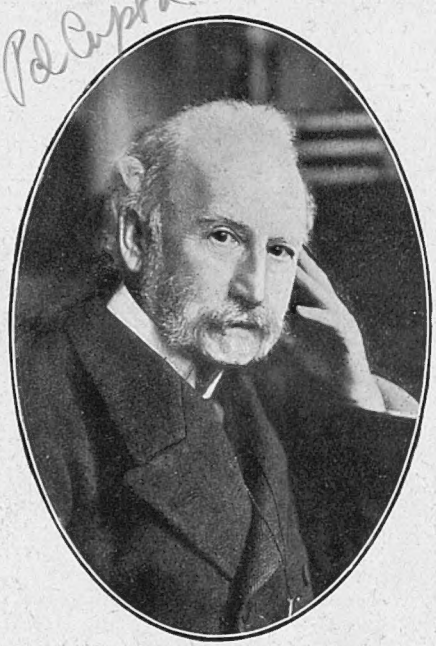
### Tactics, Tactics, Tactics!

Tactics having been deposed from their high place in Conservative counsels, they are, it seems, to be replaced by—Tactics. Tactics, which spoiled the party's chances at the two previous elections, are likely to spoil them a third time. Tactics, we are told by Mr. Garvin and Co., demand the acceptance by the Lords of the Insurance Bill. If they allow it to go through, with all its faults, they will be able to let the people realise how bad a thing it is to have a crippled House of Lords. It is this fatal lack of foresight which is the curse of the Conservative party. They are always thinking what the people may be found saying, and are always thinking wrong.

***

### The Road to Limehouse

If the Insurance Bill is a thoroughly unworkable and tyrannical one, and the Lords, whatever their motives, allow it to pass, they will be regarded as traitors to their own pretensions. They have received the support they did receive in the past because half the country believed them to be honest men doing their "dooty" regardless of their own skins. By allowing a bill to pass which threatens—rightly or wrongly—to become a public nuisance, they will be regarded as that no longer, but just as a clique of superior persons playing a superior game for their own superior ends. It is said that rejection would give Mr. George a chance of going again to Limehouse. My lords, he will go there again, if and when he wants to, without the need of your noble assistance. He knows his way about the political Underground, thank you!



*Photograph* *Haines*

THE LATE SIR GEORGE LEWIS, BT.

**Probably the most famous solicitor in the world, who died last Thursday morning in his 78th year. All the secrets of Society were his, and, we may be sure, they were of such a kind as would have made the fortune of an army of romancers**

***

### The Yes-No Attitude

It is painful to me to find myself in serious conflict with Mr. Asquith, but his mind must have become hopelessly House of Commonised if he seriously thinks one is bound to answer either "yes" or "no" to every question under the sun. I ask him, has he not said "yes" and "no" in the secrecy of the Cabinet times without number? Hasn't he sometimes done the same in the secrecy of the Downing Street *ménage*? Isn't an attitude of "yes" and "no" the most widely taken up of known attitudes by all save men of narrow mind? Is not agnosticism, for instance, an answer of "yes" and "no" to the riddle of the universe? And what is a good enough answer for a simple riddle should surely serve for so immensely greater a one as the Riddle of the Insurance Bill.

***

### The Gentle Art of Being Rejected

Quite the most unexpected of the new papers that has come my way this week is the *United British Press*. The contents, which are voluminous, are in the main lengthy letters which the editor (Mr. A. Watters, Hon. Treasurer of the Independent Political Association) has failed to get inserted in various London and provincial newspapers. To be anything on a really big scale is always worth while, even rejected. My grievance against so-called independent politicians is that they occupy so much of their space with attacks on the party system, the party whips, the party funds, the party press, and the party everything else, that they have little left in which to tell us exactly what are their principles. When one

# H.I.M. Kaisar George (i Hind)

*Photograph* *W. and D. Downey*

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE INDIAN EMPEROR, WHOSE CORONATION DURBAR TOOK PLACE ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, WEARING HIS SASH AND ORDER AS KNIGHT GRAND COMMANDER OF THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA

# Shooting Parties—North and South

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE'S SHOOT

The Earl of Ellesmere has some very pretty coverts at Stechford, near Newmarket. He was shooting last week with a small party. With him were the Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Egerton, the Hon. Francis Egerton, and Lady Bertha Egerton. Our picture shows the guns assembling at the park gates after the first drive

comes to this, it is usually "the efficiency of the Empire," "universal co-operation," or something so equally remote and tremendous that one cannot get near to the sight of it. We are all, I suppose, in favour of these Utopian ideals, but is there not room for practical independence on matters within reach as well as theoretical independence on matters in the moon? It is possible, is it not, to speak sense and truth on, say, the Insurance Bill, Tariffs, Home Rule, etc., without making foolish attacks on respectable persons who happen, for various reasons, to find it convenient to enter, on a membership qualification, the Best Club in London?

***

**Congratulations Offered—**

THE BYSTANDER'S heartiest congratulations to the Right Hon. F. E. Smith on his promotion to the Front Opposition Bench. May he soon be across the floor—with the rest of the party, of course! The fact that during the Die-Hard movement I had to be, for the time being, among Mr. Smith's severest critics, does not make me any the less glad, now that the differences have blown over, to see him in his place in the van. Doubtless many offices are prophesied for him in the coming Unionist Cabinet, but it is probable that the one he will take will be the greatest of surprises. Mr. Smith is so well known as an epigrammatist and a platform hitter that it is not realised that, behind it all, he is a man of immense learning, and that among the matters in which he is expert is international law. Perhaps, some day, he will be one of the drivers at work on that particular steam-roller.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (centre) AND THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH (right)

At Lady Nunburnholme's pheasant shoot at Warter Priory, Yorks, last week

***

**—And Received**

We blush but little here in these offices, but the compliments that have reached us from our readers on the Christmas Number, which is still, at the moment of writing, on sale, have brought what was thought to be a stranger to our cheeks. It really does look as though the general public have found, in the 160 odd pages of the issue, just what they wanted in the way of seasonable amusement. I can only acknowledge these compliments with all thanks, and promise to attempt to do even better in future years.

# Rumoured Engagement of a Pretty Widow Peeress

*Photograph* *Rita Martin*

LADY DE CLIFFORD

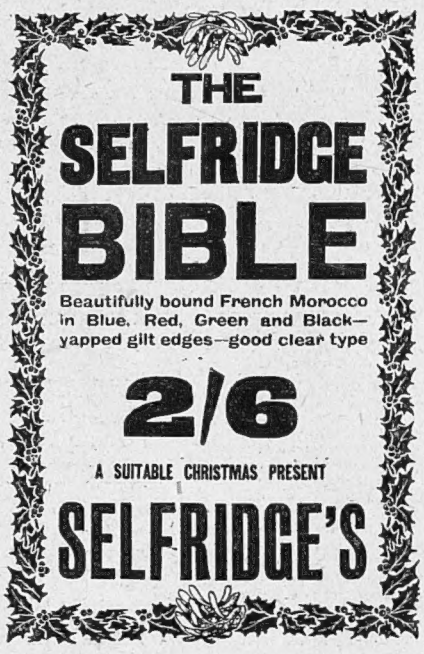
Who is reported to be about to re-marry, is the widow of the late Lord de Clifford, killed in a motor accident in 1909. Originally on the stage, where she was known as Miss Eva Carrington, Lady de Clifford has two children, the present Lord de Clifford and a little girl born in 1909

# Selfrilidgion! And the Next, Please?

I am only surprised that the *Daily Mail* did not think of it first. It was the men of Carmelite House, after all, that gave the much-needed fillip to the Territorial movement, purified our bread, sweetened our sweet peas, and are even now, over the servant stamp, gum-boiling with rage. Perhaps the great idea did not occur to them. But it it doesn't matter, now that IT HAS BEEN DONE!

***

Beyond any possible doubt, the Holy Bible has for some time wanted help. Great and wise men have recognised this and given their best thought to it. Somehow or other the sales of the authorised version have been sinking. Why? The book, in the first place, is very religious. It contains a very substantial number of pages. Although there are more acres in Yorkshire (3,882,851) than letters in the Bible (3,566,480), there is no reason why a fair sale should not be secured in other counties. Moreover, the book is value for money, if only on account of the number of quotations in it. All this penetrated the brain of Mr. Gordon Selfridge, the genius who invented the Sunbeam Shop in Oxford Street. The article was all right; surely it only needed pushing. Hence the dawn on a startled world of the Selfridge Bible. He has given us what may be called Selfrilidgion.




A POSTER WHICH SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

***

We had heard of the Douay version, not to mention King James's Bible. The Wickliffe version is historic, also Cranmer's and the Breeches Bible. But these appellations somehow lack the popular touch. In the "Selfridge Bible" we have for the first time that most desirable combination of the sublime with the r—respectable. The book has been hall-marked. Never again will there be any danger of our discriminating between Mr. Selfridge and St. Paul. The Apostles, who were getting so deplorably *demodés*, appear under new patronage. The early Christians are rejoicing in their graves.

***

The beauty of the idea will be immediately apparent. Suppose that you are in the habit of buying Selfridge shirts, or Selfridge sock-suspenders, why not complete the set? The Bible floor is only a lift journey away. Everyone with artistic taste knows the value of the *tout ensemble*. If you go to church in Selfridge clothes, dare you carry anything but a Selfridge Bible? Briefly, can you be happy—let alone virtuous—without it?

***

Moreover, regard the charm of the association of ideas. We have all heard of the Bible, most of us have read it, and it is a book that is constantly being mentioned. We have all heard of Selfridge's, some of us have been there, and it is a shop that we have grown accustomed to associate with a certain form of business philosophy, expounded, at Mr. Selfridge's expense, in the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Therefore, are not the two words akin? For the future can one think of one without thinking of the other? On the whole, we must have been all wrong in counting the twelve Apostles. There are now, surely, thirteen. At any rate, generations hence it will be thought so.

B. M. H.

*IF YOU ARE SO UNFORTUNATE AS NOT YET TO HAVE SEEN*

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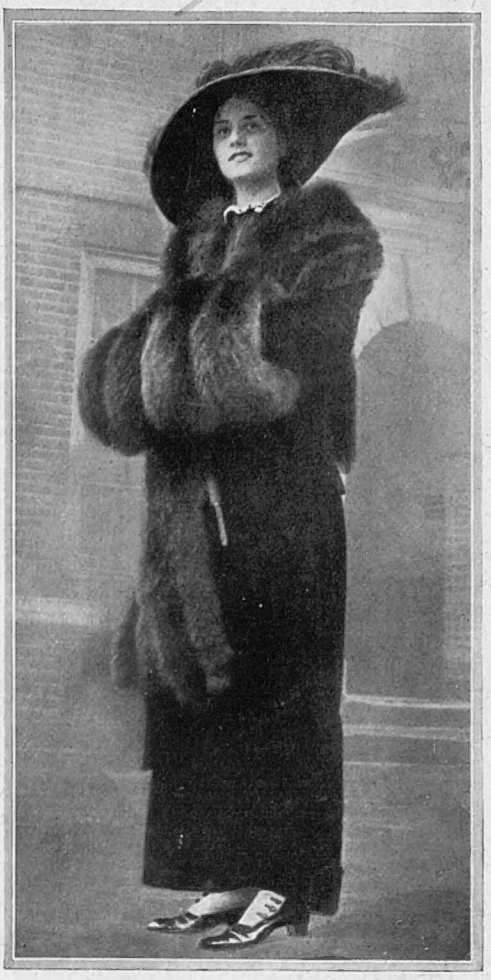
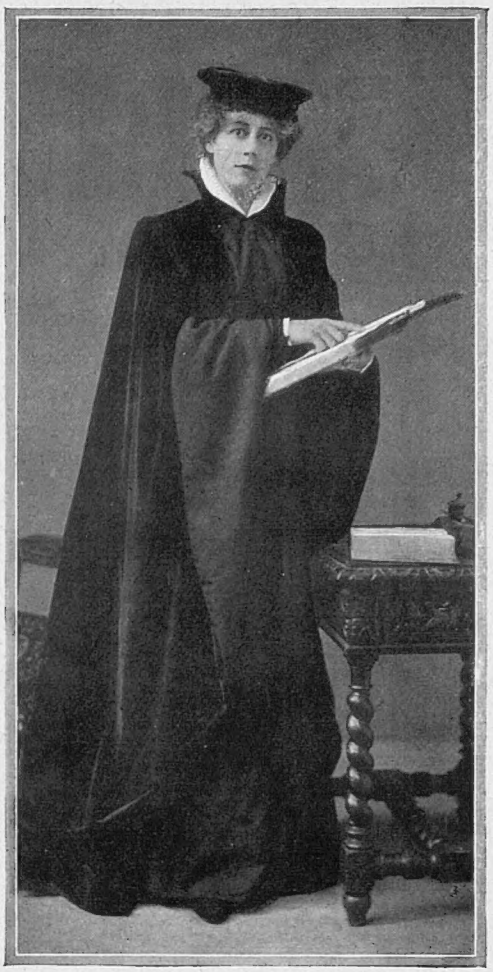
# Portias On the Stage and Off

ONE OF THE LATTER VARIETY BEING FOR THE MOMENT IN LONDON



MLLE. HÉLÈNE MIROPOWLSKI

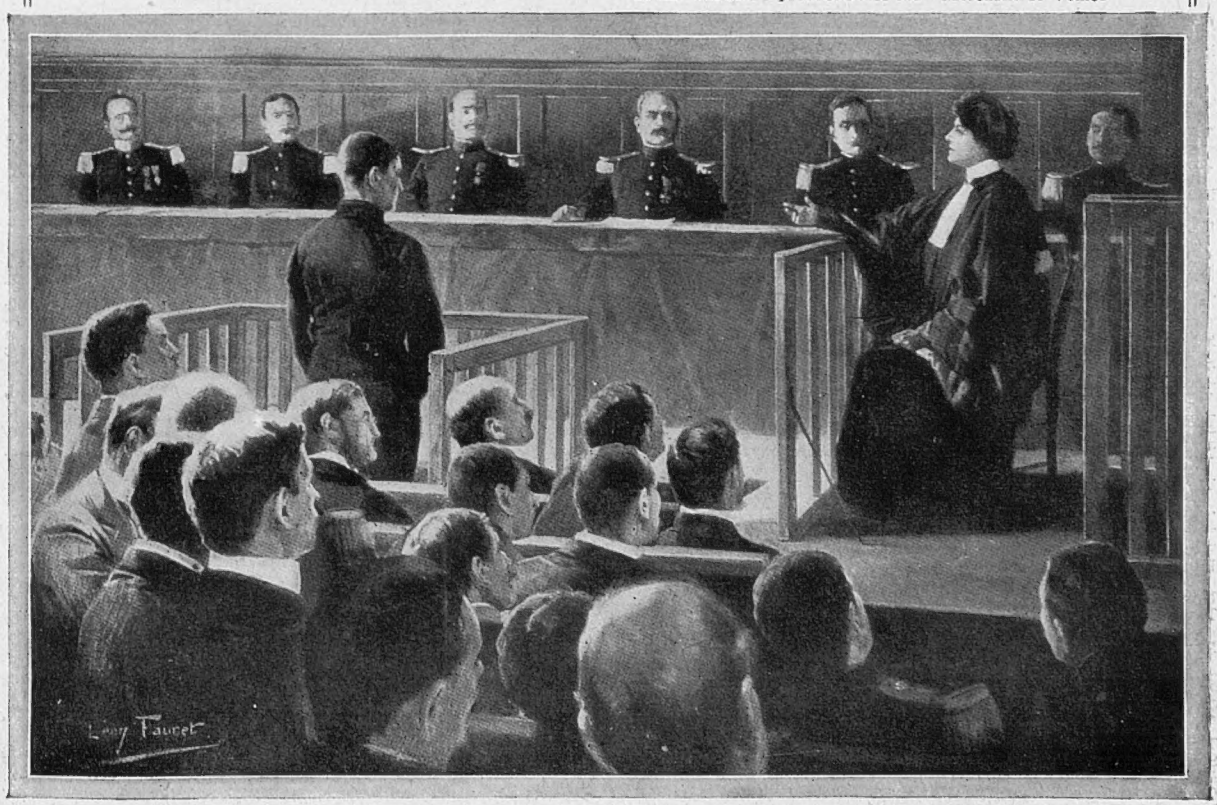
The brilliant and beautiful girl barrister from Paris, who is paying a professional visit to London



*Photograph* *Ellis and Walery*

PORTIA ON THE STAGE

A reminiscence of Miss Violet Vanbrugh as she appeared in her husband's production of the "Merchant of Venice"




PORTIA IN REAL LIFE ACTUALLY AT WORK

Mlle. Isnard, the French lady barrister, pleading before a military tribunal on behalf of a private soldier, the result of which was his triumphant acquittal

FROM A DRAWING BY LEON FAURET

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# Aux Lorgnettes

## A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

### The Waterford Tragedy

THE Fitzroy Somersets, the Beresfords, and the Fitzmaurices are chief among the many great English families thrown into mourning by the tragic death by drowning of the Marquess of Waterford, which has also, of course, necessitated the withdrawal of the Marchioness's sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, from all the festivities and functions in connection with the Durbar. London Society generally, however, knew only very little of the late Lord Waterford. Town life appealed not at all to the roving, reckless head of one of the oldest and, perhaps, most tragic-historied of our noble families. A superb rider and polo-player, and full of that sort of nervous energy which makes the mountaineer, Lord Waterford, when not abroad on a big-game shooting expedition, lived almost entirely at his beautiful Irish home, where he was exceedingly popular, having just that mercurial temperament which naturally appeals to the Irish people.

LADY WATERFORD

*Photograph* *Lafayette*

**Widowed by the sad death of her husband, the Marquess**

### A Marchioness in Mourning

Among the highest as among the lowest in the land large families are the rule, and the widowed Lady Waterford, who is only thirty-four, is left with six children, only one less than the family of her sister, the Duchess of Devonshire. She, too, is a fine rider, a good shot, and an all-round sportswoman. She plays the violin, and boasts the good looks as well as the nice manners of the Fitzmaurices and the Hamiltons combined. Lady Waterford has acquired the modern habit of collecting, and owns some famous old lace, as well as the exquisite necklace of pearls said to have been given to Mary Hamilton by Mary Queen of Scots on the night before her execution. High courage has always distinguished the women of the Marchioness's distinguished family, and it is with no lack of the quality that Lady Waterford is said to be meeting the terrible tragedy of her husband's death. Her son, the ten-year-old Earl of Tyrone, succeeds to some 70,000 acres of Irish land, and, in addition to his Waterford marquessate, several additional titles such as Baron de la Poer, Viscount Tyrone, Baron Beresford, and Baron Tyrone.

### The New Lord Tweeddale

Though the late Marquess was eighty-six when he died the other day, the new Marquess of Tweeddale, late Lord Gifford, is only twenty-seven, unmarried, and quite one of the most eligible of the young bachelors who disport themselves on the Holland Park Rink every Sunday afternoon during the winter season. After Eton and Oxford, Lord Tweeddale joined the 1st Life Guards as in duty bound—all the Hays are soldiers. But two years ago he resigned his commission, and went off big-game shooting in Central Africa. Since then, being a first-rate shot, he has pursued his favourite pastime all over the world, and has included tiger and elephant-hunting in India and chamois-shooting in the Tyrol among his numerous expeditions.

THE NEW LORD WATERFORD

*Photo Lafayette, Dublin*

**Who succeeds to the Marquessate at the age of ten**

### The Eleventh Marquess

Much hospitality is always toward at Yester, the great family seat of the Tweeddale Hays in East Lothian, especially at Christmas-time, and the shooting there is always particularly well managed. Lord Tweeddale has one sister, the Lady Clementine Waring, and two brothers, Lord Edward Hay and Lord Arthur Hay, the heir, who is in the Irish Guards, and married Miss Menda Ralli, daughter of Mrs. Edward Stonor. He is eleventh marquess of his line, Hereditary Chamberlain of Dumfermline, and Ensign of that Royal Company of Archers which on special occasions makes so very brave a show.

THE NEW LORD TWEEDDALE

*Photograph* *Lafayette*

**One of the most eligible bachelors in Society**

### The New Chief Whip

"Extremely gratifying" is, apparently, the universal verdict pronounced in Unionist circles regarding the appointment of the Duke of Devonshire to the post of Chief Unionist Whip in the House of Lords. Never before has such a high and mighty personage held such a position (in these days, too, one that is no sinecure in the way of labour), and it is, of course, suggested that the appointment may be taken as a preliminary to the Duke's succession to Lord Lansdowne, his father-in-law, as Unionist leader of the Lords. This, however, remains (very much) to be seen, and meanwhile it is interesting to note that whatever his Grace of Devonshire may think of his brethren, the Lords, he has a very low opinion indeed of "another place," that House of Commons which he recently denounced, with the usual Cavendish lugubriousness, as "more degraded than has ever been the case—so much so that those who take a pride in it must look with sorrow and horror at what is going on there."

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

New Chief Unionist Whip in the House of Lords

MR. RALPH NEVILL

*Photograph* *Vandyk*

Whose new book, "Floreat Etona!" is just published

### Floreat Etona!

The clever son of a clever mother, Mr. Ralph Nevill seldom lets a year pass without publishing a book *de luxe* of some sort or other. This year it is *Floreat Etona!* a unique record of the famous school which is sure to prove of great interest not only to Etonians generally, but also to that large public which is interested in the subject. Mr. Nevill has had the assistance of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Lewis Harcourt in the compilation of his latest work, and free access to the books, prints, and other material connected with Eton which these two gentlemen possess, and the result is a quite delightful volume.

### An American Tariff Reform Hostess

A very ambitious and a quite charming member of our numerous Anglo-American sisterhood is the wife of Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P., who on Tuesday lends the great house in St. James's Square her husband rents from Lord Anglesey for the purpose of a Women's Tariff Reform meeting. Mrs. Astor, who is one of the richest of the rich American hostesses, was one of the three sisters Langhorne who posed as models for the famous "Gibson Girls." She has a daughter by her first husband, whom she divorced, and a son and heir to the Astor millions by her second, the young, energetic, and industrious Member for Plymouth. It was said that Mr. Waldorf Astor would have given up politics when Plymouth declined him some two years ago. His wife, however, saw immense possibilities in the vision of an American millionaire in Westminster. She, therefore, took a house in Plymouth, entertained much, and did all that social art can do to assist the success of her husband's candidature.

MRS. WALDORF ASTOR

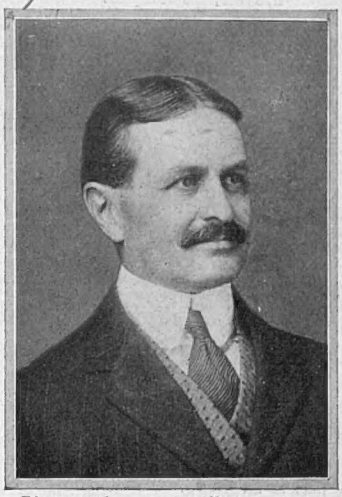
*Photograph* *Lallie Charles*

Who is lending her house in St. James's Square for a Women's Tariff Reform meeting

### The Man of the Moment

Or, at any rate, the playwright of the moment, is, of course, Mr. Robert Hichens, author of the play of the week, *Bella Donna*, at the St. James's Theatre. "Nothing fails like success," says the Gloomy Dean of St. Paul's, who ought to know, but I fear Mr. Hichens would hardly do to point his moral, for he is all success and no failure so far, and, in addition, seems to possess the secret of a sort of spacious indolence which makes itself felt particularly in his novels, which seldom err on the side of brevity. The author of *Bella Donna* is a sturdy, open-air looking man, with strong features, very clear, penetrating eyes, and a somewhat high-toned voice. He is delightfully modest and unaffected, and enjoys nothing quite so much, it is said, as being present at a rehearsal of one of his own plays.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS



*Photograph* *Elliott and Fry*

Whose "Bella Donna" has just been produced at the St. James's Theatre

# Orpheus on the Underground

## STARS IN THE NEW VERSION OF OFFENBACH'S "ORPHÉE AUX ENFERS"

**MISS HILDA ANTONY**
Who is to play the part of Venus. She has won golden opinions under Sir Herbert Tree's management

**MISS ELEANOR PERRY**
The American prima donna, pupil of M. Lucien Fugère and M. Jacques Couri, who is to take the part of Eurydice in *Orpheus on the Underground*

**MISS BETTY CALLISH**
Who was trained at the Academy of Dramatic Art, and has made brilliant successes at Daly's Theatre, is to be the Cupid of the new production, and is to sing an Offenbach song

**MISS LOTTIE VENNE**
The exquisite *comedienne*, has been engaged by Sir Herbert Tree to be the Mrs. Grundy, who takes the place of "Public Opinion" in the production

*Photograph* *Foulsham and Banfield*

# THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"SUCH a thing could only have happened in Spain," the Infanta Eulalia is reported to have said when her nephew, King Alfonso, wired her that she must not publish her book. She may be right. Yet most of the Englishmen we know whose aunts write books about divorce would do the same as Alfonso if they could.

* * *

The Infanta's indignation was chiefly roused by the fact that her nephew had vetoed the book before reading it. This does seem hard lines; but, then, what is a poor nephew to do nowadays? He does not want to be puritanical, but if he has a really progressive aunt——?

* * *

"Mr. F. E. Smith has been invited to sit upon the Front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons," says a contemporary, "and has accepted." Or, in other words, as one might say, Mr. F. E. Smith has been invited not to sit upon the Front Opposition Bench outside the House of Commons—and has accepted.

"A panther that had strayed into an Indian factory was shot there a few days ago by some English officers." No offence to Germany, one hopes.

* * *

Mars—according to a celebrated astronomer—has had its first frost registered. How interesting to think that all the Martian newspapers are probably saying that if only the frost continues, there is certain to be skating on the canals by the end of the week.

* * *

In France, the Minister for War has decided that military aeroplanes shall henceforth be known as "Avions." We don't want to boast, but we have not the slightest doubt that if ever we get any military aeroplanes, our Lord Haldane will think out quite as neat a name for them—if not neater.

* * *

What a lot of things our actor-managers have to contend against. There have always been the music-halls—with their brightness and merriment—to draw away frivolous-minded people from the theatres, and now, when the latter are trying to make a bid for tragedy-loving audiences, there is Dr. Inge.

* * *

Of what use to put on a play called *The Lower Depths* when, without any expense, the dismal Dean can in a moment conduct one to the Lowest?

* * *

At a meeting of railway men at Bradford last week a proposal to arm the workers was received with enthusiasm. Without wishing to be in any way alarmist, we think it right, after this, to advise maiden ladies who get out at Bradford not to try and propitiate their porter with a ha'penny.

* * *

Tennis courts, a golf course, and shops are features of the new 1,000ft. White Star liner that is being built. Attractive as they sound, much of the value of these novelties will depend upon whether the ball-boys, the professionals, and the shopwalkers can, on a rough day, turn out to be pretty slippy with a basin.

* * *

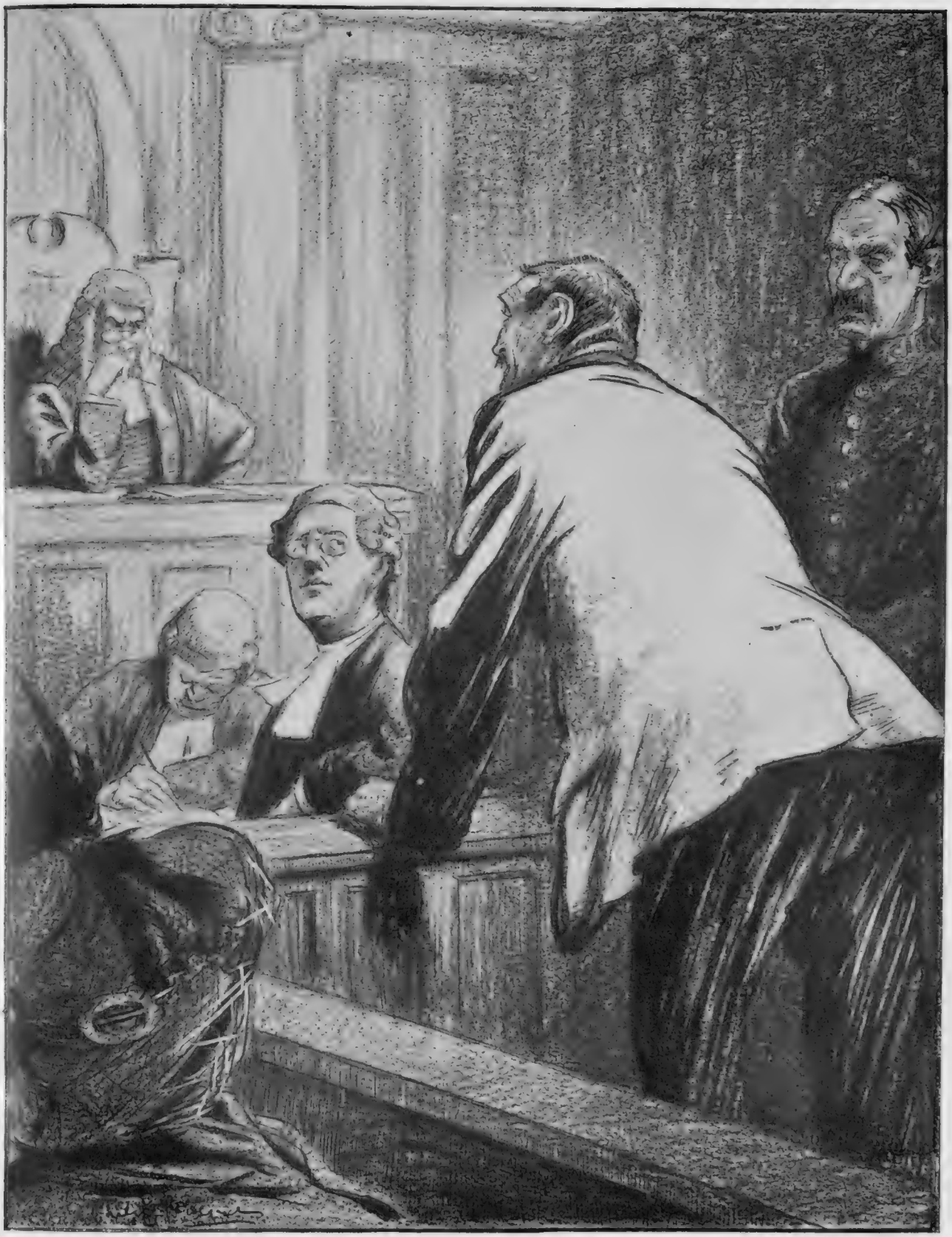
Personally, if we were building a modern liner, regardless of expense, we should make a point of having an Albert Hall on board. Even for a five-day voyage there should be some suitable spot where the maids and footmen can meet and express their feelings with regard to Mr. Lloyd George.

TRIALS OF A KEEPER

Agricultural Character: "Wot toime dost feed t' kiosk, lad?"

(By L. R. Brightwell)

# The Quality of Mercy



Judge: "Prisoner, have you got anything to say before sentence is passed?"
Prisoner: "All I arst, yer lordship, is to tike into account the extreme youth and hinexperience of my lawyer, and to be lenient for 'is sike"

*BY PHILIP BAYNES*

# The Bystander at St. Stephen's

What happened to our artist Mr. H. M. Bateman, in an attempt to hear a debate in the democratic Chamber, for which he has a vote

# The Critical Attitude

## Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

## THE TRUE STATE OF GERMAN POPULAR SENTIMENT

**The German Popular Mind**

In the small German town that honours me by numbering me amongst its citizens the theatre is in full swing; in the thick smoke of the cafés the students are playing cards all day long; the professors are lecturing from their pulpits; and on the uplands the little soldiers—it is astonishing how little are the soldiers of all but the crack regiments—the little soldiers are marching stiffly about, snapping their unloaded rifles at imaginary targets or at the images of crouching foes cut out of sheet-tin and painted. The new drafts of recruits are being got into shape, and the town season is in full swing. Every night there is a concert, a dance, a new play at the theatre. It is just as it was last year—perhaps it is a little busier. Or, no! It is not quite as it was last year. This, mind you, is not Prussia. Geographically it is Middle Germany—High Germany, as you might say. But in sympathy we here are South Germans. We don't love the Prussians. They have absorbed our army and taken away our railway. We are an independent Grand Duchy of stubborn people; we can bear grudges very obstinately, and we do not like these encroachments. I do not mean that we, or, for the matter of that, Bavaria, Saxony, or Baden, think in the least of breaking away from the mighty congerie of States that is the German Empire. But we and the other sovereign States have to be considered a very little by Prussia.

**The Use of Prussia**

No, don't believe that we shall ever try to break away from the Empire—but remember that our psychologies and our moods have to be considered. We have a certain weight in the Council of the Empire, and we return members to the Reichstag. What the Prussian hegemony—the bureaucracy—has to fear is, that if the bureaucracy fails to make the Empire pay, we shall fill the Reichstag—the Imperial Parliament—with Socialists. For that is what Prussia is there for, as far as we are concerned, to make the Empire pay. About Germany we have plenty of sentiment—about the Prussian leadership none—that is purely a business matter. That is what the foreigner should remember.

**War Feeling**

And for the moment we are out of conceit with the whole arrangement. For years and years we had imagined ourselves immensely wealthy and all mighty against the world. We—the ordinary German citizens who do what we are told—had imagined ourselves so really unmenaceable that we were really quite complacent and had become extraordinarily peace-loving for a nation born of blood and flame. But now we are worried and wounded. We say, referring to the withdrawal from Agadir: "If this was all that was to come of it, we had better never have beaten our drums! If this was all that was to come of it, we had better never have shaken our mailed fists! What sort of a thing is this to send out our warboats and to have taken no harbours?" Twenty such things I have heard in drawing-rooms from five or six men and two or three ladies who were, all of them, three months ago, as pacific and mild as you could have imagined, and who remain all of them South Germans. And really there is more of war feeling in Pure Germany now than there has been at any time during the last ten years. How it may be with Prussians I do not know, but I daresay it is much the same.

**Mystified Germans**

That there is any definite war feeling against Great Britain, France, or the Republic of Andorra I do not believe, and I do not think that anyone is called to believe it. In the ordinary German man and woman, however it may be with the ruling classes, I am perfectly certain that, since the Boer War, there has not been a trace of international ill-feeling. It has been nowhere discernible. As an Englishman I have talked with every class of German—from the highest of all to the grooms in cavalry stables and the peasants ploughing in the fields. And what has struck me most has been a sort of mystified astonishment that the Englishman is so enraged against the German. For that is the way it has looked from here.

**A Word to the Credulous**

No, there is not, and there never has been, any war feeling against any one State. There is not one now. But there is a war feeling—an uneasy irritation. If Prussia could declare war against the moon and get some cotton colonies by it, a note of huge enthusiasm would run through the Empire. But there is no chance of a war against the moon, and there is no other Power that we have the least desire to attack. For you must not believe the German daily papers any more than you would think of believing the English daily Press. When you read in the English papers that a monstrous punt has been built on land behind Borkum in order to bridge the North Sea and transport 5,000,000 troops marching one hundred abreast, or when you read that the Burgermeister of Entepfuhl (301 inhabitants, Prussian

Pomerania) has declared in a speech to the local fire corps that there are in his backyard 420,000 men disguised as waiters and prepared with hooks and ladders for the sack of London, just ask your stockbroker to find out what large financier is engaged in bearing English or Prussian Consols and take the tip in time. You may make quite a pile of money. But the good German is not so prettily credulous. He reads in the *Zeitung* that the Dreadnought *Edouard IX.* has been discovered to have its bearings made of wood, painted to look like steel, and he knows or feels in his bones that the proprietor (Herr Moses Bamberger) is anxious for the title of "Commercienrath," and is trying to ingratiate himself with the authorities by raising a temporary war fever in his district, where a by-election is shortly to be held, and where a war fever is, it is imagined, to be raised by writing that an invasion of England would only cost twopence-halfpenny (25 pfennig). Or he reads in the *Nachrichten* that the latest English Dreadnought *Edouard IX.* has done 187 knots an hour and carries ninety-five 13in. guns, each of which can throw a shell with deadly accuracy 127 miles, and he is, your good German citizen, though he lives within 126 miles of the sea, not in the least perturbed. No, he knows that the proprietor of the *Nachrichten* (Herr Solomon Hamburger) is anxious to ingratiate himself with the German Imperial Maritime League so as to become a Knight Provincial Grand Cross of that Order—something of the sort.

THE GERMAN KAISER INSPECTING THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE IMPERIAL CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE WHICH RECENTLY CAUSED CONSIDERABLE DISTURBANCE IN THE DISTRICT

**Hard Times**

No, the good, simple German of commerce bothers his head very little about England and her armaments. He knows they are very big and very efficient, and also he had the time of his life the year before last during a fortnight spent in London and the Isle of Wight (for the Isle of Wight exercises a mystic influence on the German mind). But there the matter ceases. We are all very busy analysing by-products, studying for examinations, starting boot shops or bucket shops, and times are hard. Times are bitterly hard. You have no idea how bitterly hard times are now in this Empire. The first great spurt after 1870 has died away, and it is all collar work now. We are just beginning to discover that capital was very difficult to get hold of last year. This last month or so we have just made the discovery that what capital we had came from France, or, more disgustingly, from Belgium. During that black month it was almost impossible to get sight of a gold coin. At the banks, at the post-offices, it was possible to have notes—notes galore of every size and denomination. But gold—no! It was all "wanted"; as it were, by the police. Slowly, slowly, during the last ten years we have been noticing that it has grown more and more difficult to start a career or a business. It had grown almost impossible to borrow capital from a bank. The banks we knew were perpetually failing. In one street of palaces in London we could see—to our shame—two palaces of late directors of German banks, each of whom had left this country with deficits of over 50,000,000 marks. Other directors shot themselves; others were in gaol. We have begun to become aware of large Trusts in our midst; we have become aware that capital was falling into fewer and fewer hands. And then came the terrible crash after the *Panther* had left for Agadir, and we had the additional shame of knowing that if the banks of France and Belgium, acting under the suggestions of their own Governments—if the banks of the enemy had not come to our rescue by re-lending to us the money that we had seen them withdraw—a national industrial ruin would have been our portion. It has been a cumulative agony, and we are not pleased with our rulers just now.

**War Impossible**

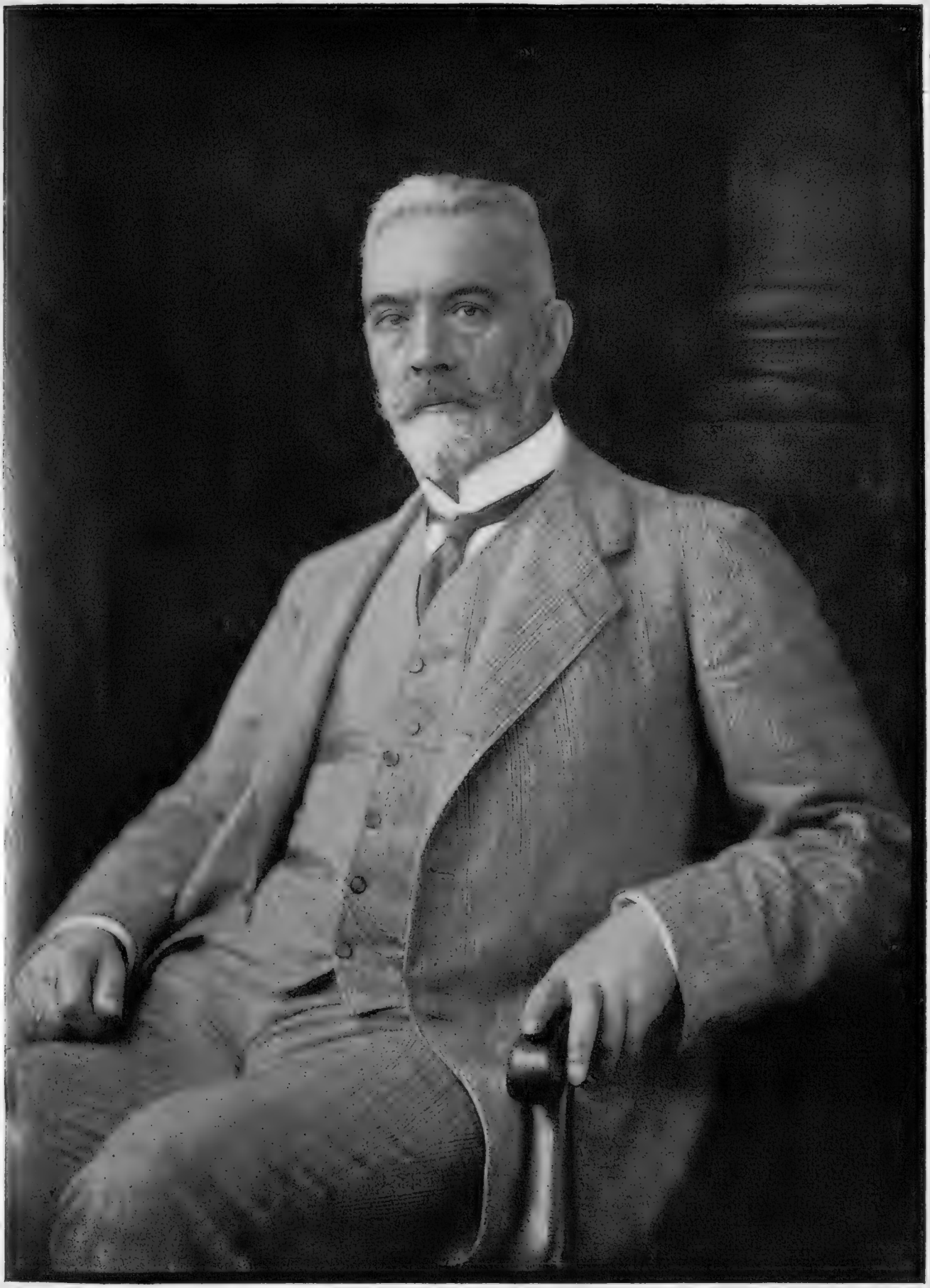
So that we want a war—but we do not in the least want a war with any Power in the world. If you understand me, we should like to see the *Panther*, and the *Von der Tann*, and the rest sail into the broad ocean and discharge their great guns over the edge of the world. But we know that we simply cannot afford a war, and we know, too, that there is no Power that deserves that we should make war upon them. We know that our Prussian masters, after they had given too much away at Algeciras, were simply bluffing at Agadir, and to us it is bitter humiliation to bluff and to get nothing for it. To whom would it not be? Now I who write am always discussing that sort of thing with someone in this country, and I have never, during these late times, discovered a trace of any other feeling. During the Boer War it was different—there was no German so low as not to spit upon the passing Englander. Now they are friendly enough.

**The Common-Sense View**

They realise that there is no very radical cause for enmity between two great and powerful nations. Germany needs colonies with a great and desperate need that is hardly comprehensible to the Englishman, who has so many. But the good South German is beginning to see very clearly that there are other ways of obtaining colonies than that of making war on the greatest and most efficient naval Power in the world.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

# The Tallest Chancellor WITH THE Shortest Term of Office?



HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

Whose supersession "to make way for a more militant statesman is freely predicted and wished for by German Jingoes. He is fifty-five years of age, is well over 6ft. in height, and succeeded Prince Bülow two years ago. Should he retire, he may be called the tallest Chancellor who had the shortest term of office

*BYSTANDER STORYETTE—NO. 1*

# In the BLACK MARIA—an Episode

## ON THE WAY FROM BOW STREET TO BRIXTON

RELATED BY THOMAS TATTENHAM

WHAT I went to Brixton for matters to nobody. This story is that of a fellow-victim of the meshes of the law. He rode in the compartment next mine of the Black Maria from Bow Street, both of us having been committed for trial on the same day.

"Cheer up," said a voice over the top of the partition on my left. I turned, and saw looking into mine a pair of kindly eyes. The man was of artisan class, but like a criminal not at all. But, then, as I now know, criminals, outside journals of "information and amusement," never are like criminals, until prison makes them so. And we were first offenders pending trial.

"Cheer up," again said the voice. "Look at me. Do I look downhearted? No. And mine's six months for sure."

"First time?" I asked.

"Yes. Worse luck."

"Worse luck?" I confronted the gentle eyes again, in surprise.

"If it 'adn't been the first time, I wouldn't be 'ere now."

"You mean that—that you would never offend twice? We all think that."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean that the reason why I'm 'ere now is that I 'aven't been 'ere before. In other words, if I 'ad been 'ere before I wouldn't be 'ere now."

I looked uneasily round the Black Maria, but the inspector in charge did not seem to be listening. Clearly my neighbour was either a lunatic, or a paradoxist out of place.

"You think I'm daft, I can see," he went on. "But I ain't, on my honour. I'm the victim of circumstances. I'll pitch yer the yarn, if we've time. I'm charged with stealin' a box of five 'undred cigarettes. Why did I steal 'em? In order, sir, that I might be sent to prison and thereby prepare the way to earn 'enceforth a honest livelihood. I've tried to do so for the last six months, but my luck's out. Why? Because I 'adn't never before been to prison. Now, when I've done my six months, I'll be no longer open to the 'orrible suspicion of bein' a' ex-convict 'oo's never done time."

I sighed wearily. Evidently a subtle and complex humorist of the kind one might tolerate from the stalls of a theatre after a good dinner, but not from a seat in the Black Maria after none at all.

"Six months ago I was out of a job. I've done a rare lot of bein' out of work in my time. But never before 'ad any motive for gettin' into trouble. Always managed to 'ave a kind aunt, or brother or sister, or to meet a kind-'earted friend. Not beggin', you understand. Just, shall I say, coaxin', and 'avin' what people say is a winnin' and 'umorous way with me. Also, a 'ighly developed faculty for spinnin' yarns. Six months ago there was an advertisement in the leadin' dailies, which read like this: 'To Discharged Prisoners.—A gentleman of means is anxious to assist one to gain employment.—Address, etc., etc.' Now, it so 'appened that I 'ad a pal named Fred 'Uggins, what 'ad been pinched for stealin' boots, but on gettin' 'is discharge, 'e went off to America."

"Ex-convicts aren't allowed to land," I interrupted.

"As I subsequently 'ad reason to know. But to resoom. To answer this letter, I borrowed Fred's name and antecedents. Thinkin' e'd never be 'eard of again, I told '*is* pitiful story as my own, and in a day or two I was invited to call on the gentleman. 'E turned out to be a well-known novelist—no matter 'oo. He saw at once—wonderful shrewd men, novelists—that mine was a *boner-fide* case (as it was, except for the triflin' change in the matter of name and identity). 'E said that in a day or two I should 'ear of a job. The only thing I was to do was to take it, do my work, and be perfectly candid about my past. No sanctimonious 'umbug. Say I'd stolen the boots; say I'd done the time; say I was sorry, and so on.

"The job was that of packer in a cigarette factory, the boss of which was a pal of the novelist's. Wages a quid a week. And very nice work, too. The cigarette was a noo one of 'igh class, and I got a perfect passion for it. None of yer nasty cheap fags for me *now*."

"You're not likely to be bothered with them *now*," I said.

"I went on with my work, and I liked it. My boss thought the world of me. Used to come and want to 'ear all about prison life, and the treatment of the criminal, and so on and so forth. Bein' a homnivorous reader of the popular weekly press, I was able to make 'is 'air curl and 'is face blanch with tales of sufferin', brutal warders, punishment cells, the cat, and, of course, the evil influence of one's feller-convicts. Though, now as I come to look some of 'em over, they all look as though they were more fit for Y.M.C.A.'s. But I di-gress. I went on workin' 'ard, and givin' satisfaction, until one day there walked into the ware'ouse a man of the name of Fred 'Uggins."

He paused, so that as we passed the Brixton Bon Marché I got the full dramatic value out of the revelation.

"'E asked to see the boss, and as 'e was shown in, 'e gave me a look that went right through me.

"I assoomed that 'e knew what 'e looked as though 'e knew. It was one of those great moments in which a man sees 'is 'ole future in a flash, sir, and acts accordin'. I knew that, after 'is interview with the real Simon Pure—or should I say Impure—

# SNAPSHOTS EAST OF SUEZ

DELHI DURBAR PREPARATIONS: NATIVES OILING THE ROADS TO PREVENT DUST

PLOUGHING THE PADDY FIELDS IN SIAM

In the husk rice is known as "paddy." Rice is more largely consumed by the inhabitants of the world than any other grain. At one time Europe was supplied from America, but this source has been entirely superseded by Lower Burmah, India, Siam, Japan, and Cochin China

A LOCOMOTION SCANDAL IN PERSIA

This photograph shows the disgraceful way in which the Russians conduct the traffic on their road from Tabriz to Djulfa. It is the only route from Tabriz to Europe, and, inasmuch as all the cars are out of working order, passengers are made to travel by freight cars. The comfort (?) of the latter may be adjudged by the picture

AN EVELESS EDEN: HOW A FEW SHIP'S OFFICERS SPENT AN UNCONVENTIONAL SUNDAY IN A UNFREQUENTED PORTION OF MAURITIUS

the boss would come and probably kick me out. Apart from my natural 'orror of personal violence, I 'ad a presentiment of 'is kind face ablaze with fury, and of the burnin' words of contempt which 'e would 'url at one 'oo 'ad posed as a dishonest man when 'e was all the time nothin' of the kind—a man 'oo had pretended to be a ex-convict and abused the privileges of that class. No! It was too much for me. The desire to be *boner-fide* even in evil overcame me. So I picked up a box of five 'undred cigarettes and bolted as 'ard as I could run, and was a genuine thief for the first time in my life. I got as far as the other side of Waterloo Bridge, when I was 'eld up by a copper. From thence, it was a short distance to Bow Street, where I lodged the night. And 'ere I am, you see. A *boner-fide* criminal at last. Now you understand what I mean when I say that the reason why I'm 'ere is because I 'aven't been 'ere before, and that if I '*ad* been 'ere before, I wouldn't be 'ere now."

"You're an unmitigated humbug," I said—we were getting near the prison. "You deserve to be acquitted."

"Not likely, sir. The law 'as many good qualities, but 'umour is not among 'em."

THOMAS TATTENHAM

## WOMAN'S CLAMOUR FOR LESS POWER

WHAT *is* it she wants? More political power? But she asks the impossible. More she could not get than she has. Has she not, without any vote at all, terrorised the Ministry, split the Cabinet and the Opposition alike, held up the proceedings of Parliament, distracted the attention of the Press, and compelled the man in the street, train, club, and dining-room to discuss Woman with a capital "W"?

—•••—

What other cause has received a tenth part of the advertisement that the Suffrage has had? Neither Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, the Reform Bill, nor Home Rule caused anything like the same rumpus. Does it not mean, then, that woman *has* political power equal to that of men, aided by greater political courage and ingenuity? Why, then, trouble about the Vote? What wants this roaring lioness with the power to coo like a turtle-dove? Why, when she can already make her voice heard in the Cabinet Chamber, does she want it to be heard on polling-day in the Board Schools of Little Peddlington? The vote, forsooth! Does woman seriously regard it as the expression of power in politics? Is it not the symbol of political impotence? What is a voter? A mere microbe upon the body politic.

—•••—

Take myself—a man, with a vote. What is my political power that woman has any envy for it? I have the same power as herself to make myself heard in conversation and in the Press, but no more. I have less power than her to make my grievances reach the ears of the great because, being a man, I have less impulse and more sense of the ridiculous. I could not shout down an Asquith discussing religion in a City Temple because I possess a tiresome sense of propriety and respect for white hairs, honesty, and dignity. Thereby I am weaker than Woman. I have, however, the Vote. That is, she tells me, the symbol of political power.

—•••—

Now, what does the Vote give me, and those of whom I am a type? It is this: The privilege, if I like, of proceeding out of my way to Town, once every four years or so, to a village schoolroom. There I may put a cross against the name of an elderly gentleman whom I have never seen (a company director in Town and a country gentleman out of it), in order that he may become a member of the "best Club in London." Then for another four years I can go off and hang myself.

By putting this cross against this name, I become, as an elector in a division with eighteen thousand electors, officially possessed of one eighteen-thousandth share in one six-hundred and seventieth part of the membership of the aforementioned Club, which means that I possess, roughly, one twelve millionth of a share in the "Government" of the country. Did I live in Romford, which has three times my electorate, my share in the Government would be one thirty-six millionth. Were I, on the other hand, a resident of —say—Kilkenny, which has less than two thousand voters, my share would be one millionth and a third. But whichever it is, I respectfully suggest that the privilege doesn't amount to very much. Whether my share in the national Government is a mere millionth or a thirty-six millionth, or, as it is, a twelve millionth, there's one thing it isn't, and that is a "privilege" anybody need go mad with envy about. I am a mere infinitesimal vulgar fraction.

—•••—

Now, why this frantic desire on the part of women to be a vulgar fraction? If, in my division, women had votes, we should be thirty-six thousand odd instead of eighteen, and I should immediately be half my present value. I should become a twenty-four millionth, no longer even a microbe, but a mere bacillus on the back of a microbe. It is the fact that Woman is *without* the vote that is the secret of her present power. So long as she remains voteless, she remains a power in the land. Give her the vote, and she comes at once down from her pedestal into Little Peddlington. Instead of meeting her in Parliament Street armed with stones, whips, scorpions, and bellowing at Ministers with a voice of brass, I shall meet her in Lower Schoolhouse Lane, once in four years, armed with a lead pencil, and cooing "Vote for Spenlow (or Jorkins)." She will be my mere equal, and so far from her "vote" symbolising her power, it will merely symbolise her half-share of my microbic impotence.

—•••—

But, dear ladies, for goodness' sake don't stop *asking* for the Vote. Pretend you want to get it. Emblazon "Votes for Women" on your banners, shout it from the housetops. But don't *get* the Vote. If Lloyd George has any intention of insinuating it into the Franchise Bill, kidnap him. The right not to vote gives you a greater power than the right to vote gives us. The greatness of *your* Magna Charta is that it remain for ever unsigned.

JOURNEYMAN

# The Charterhouse Tercentenary
## 1611—1911

THE REV. GERALD S. DAVIES
Present Headmaster of Charterhouse. He contributed an article on the School to our issue of September 22, 1909

A VIEW OF THE MASTERS' COURT, LONDON CHARTERHOUSE
The School is, of course, now situated at Godalming

THE OFFICERS' LIBRARY
The Chippendale chairs are of great value

THE CHARTERHOUSE CHAPEL
During the "Black Death" the Chapel was used as a mortuary church

CHARTERHOUSE, GODALMING: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRESENT SCHOOLHOUSE
The London Charterhouse was built in 1371 as a convent for twenty-four Carthusian monks. It was dissolved in 1537, and in 1545 the property was granted to Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) North. On his death in 1565 the greater part of the property was purchased by the Duke of Norfolk, who constructed for himself a house on the site of the Little Cloisters. His son, the Earl of Suffolk, in 1611, sold it to Thomas Sutton for his hospital for eighty men and forty boys. About forty-two years ago the School moved its quarters to Godalming

*Registered design*]

# MORE ROYALTY IN REVOLT

## CENSOR ALFONSO AND HIS REBELLIOUS AUNT

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

Aunt of King Alfonso, whose book has been forbidden, and therefore splendidly advertised, by her Royal nephew

I SUPPOSE a flighty young aunt must be a good deal of a trial when the head of the family is seriously minded. In His Spanish Majesty's bachelor days, when he used to run up to Paris quite frequently, he won golden opinions for the seriousness of his mind from many charming little ladies in the smaller theatres. And when Mlle. Clarice Bouffetout or Mlle. Blanche de Laplace says that one of her admirers is *un garçon très sérieux*, we know that she cannot speak more highly of him. So, naturally, there has been a good deal of sympathy felt in Paris with King Alfonso for the trouble his aunt, the Infanta Eulalia, has been giving him. And the general opinion here is that it is very kind indeed of King Alfonso to give such a tremendous advertisement to a book of which he obviously does not approve. In the ordinary course Countess Avila's book, with its vigorous, unadorned style (I thank you, *Daily Mail*, for these two adjectives), would just have been printed, passed round to a few friends who could not very well have refused it, and there the matter would have dropped. Now, of course, people are reading it because they have to talk about it at dinner and between the acts of the theatre, and the Infanta Eulalia is responsible for much re-enamelling of the alabaster brows (I didn't get that from the *Daily Mail*—I found it out myself) which have been wrinkled over "On Life's Stream." By the way, you know, of course, that the telegrams published in the newspapers from the King to his aunt, and his aunt to the King, were very much bowdlerised. I have secured the originals.

*From Alfonso, Madrid, to Eulalia, Paris.*

DEAR AUNT,

I'm not acostumbrado (1)
When on a subject I've hablado (2),
To find a subject porfiado (3).
If you persist, dear Aunt Eulalia,
Your book is bound to be a failure.
I've spoken, and I'll have my way.

Q. B. M.,
Yours,

ALFONSO REY

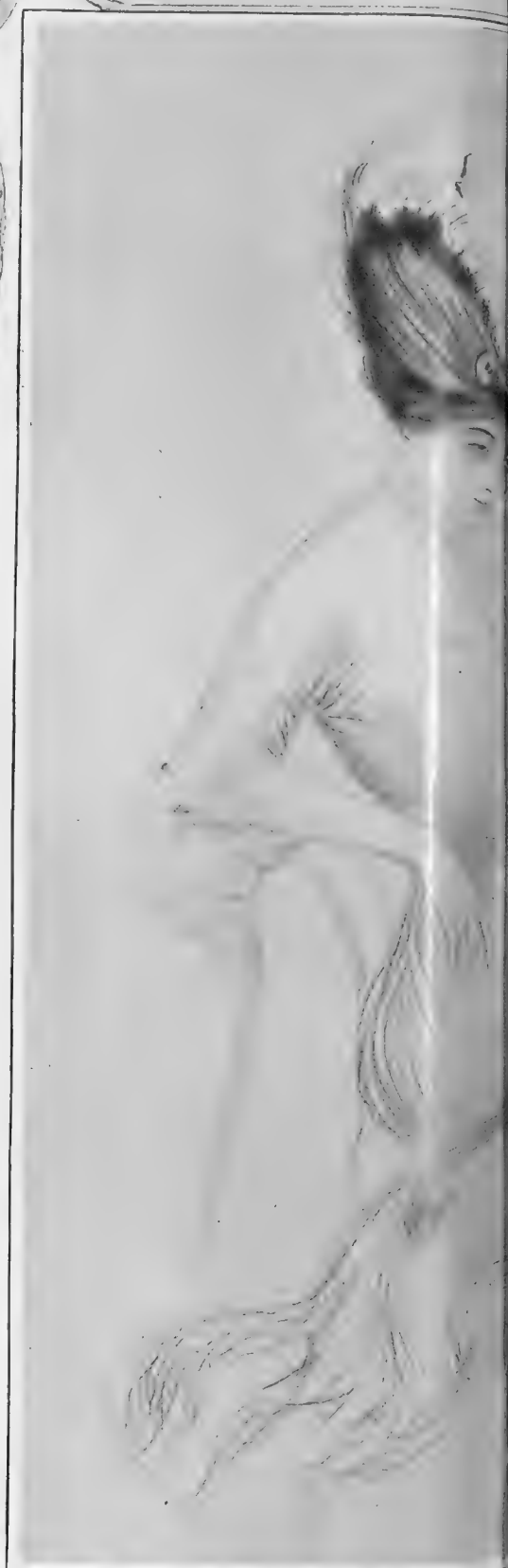
As there may be one or two of you who don't know as much Spanish as you should, I may remark that (1) means "accustomed," (2) "spoken," and (3) "obstinate." Princess Eulalia's reply, as bowdlerised in the Press, was quite snappy enough, but the version His Majesty really received was . . . . well, judge for yourselves.

*(Continued on page 598)*

THE SAME LADY (WHO LIVES IN PARIS), CARICATURED WHILE SKATING BY JEAN GAST

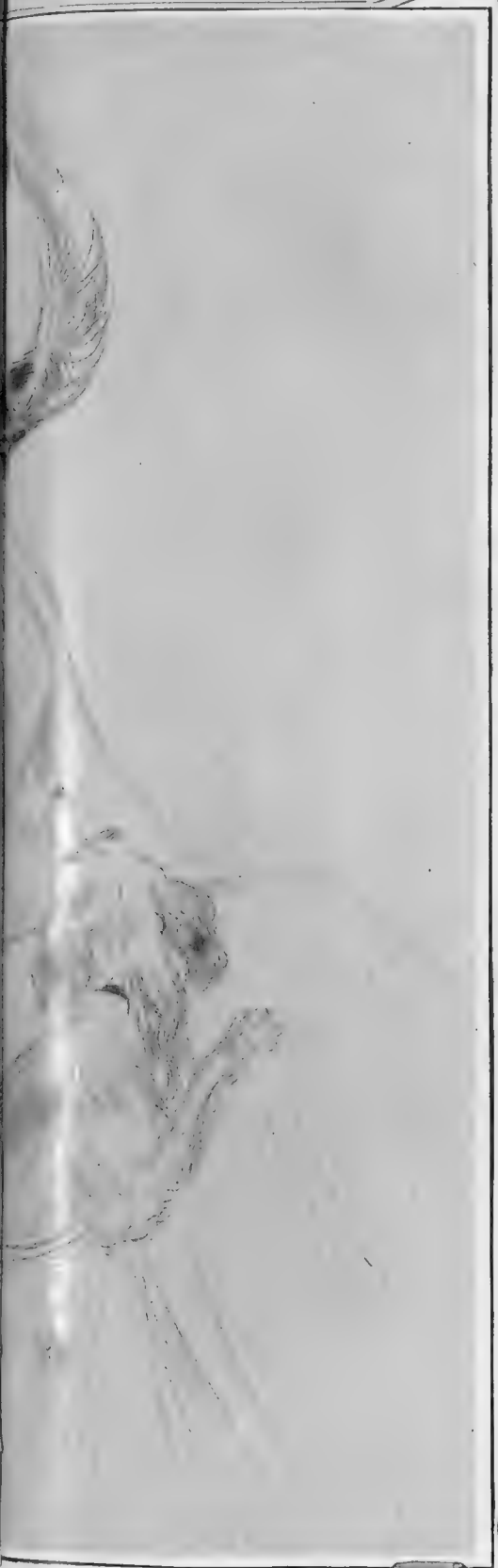
# Frenchwo

"EDMÉE." By Louis Icart



"RENDEZVOUS

# ...en To Date



' By G. G. Fraipont

"ANDRÉE." By Hugo Oehme

*From Eulalia, Paris, to Alfonso, Madrid.*

DEAR NEPHEW,
I don't like your Spanish.
Do you think it is very mannish
To bully women as you do?
Why all this Royal impetu?
El brio may be a good thing,
An aunt may look at any King.
Child, don't forget how young you are!
It's quite too silly reprobar!
You may be King of Spain, but you,
Young feller, are my nephew too,
So less Madrid paraphernalia.
Q. B. M.,
Yours,
TIA EULALIA

P.S.—Nephews need not, mon cher,
Teach their aunts soplar huevos. There!

The postscript is a particularly nasty one. And don't you admire the gentility of "Tia"—otherwise "Auntie"—in telling her nephew that it is unnecessary for him to teach her to *blow* eggs. For "soplar huevos" means to blow eggs, not to suck them. Any musician will tell you what "el brio" means, and "impetu" (with the accent on the "too") means much the same as "brio." As for "reprobar," Mr. Sauer's dictionary says that it means "to scold."

**The Princess in Paris**

And people who live here in Paris, and who know, are wondering a little at this family quarrel, because, as a matter of fact, Don Alfonso and Tia Eulalia used to get on very well indeed together. Whenever the young King came to Paris he always made a point of lunching at least once with his aunt in her pretty home near the Bois de Boulogne, and he never had the least objection to the presence at luncheon of the other guest, whom the servants treated with the respect due to the master of the house. Princess Eulalia herself is delighted at the fuss that is being made over her book, and is crowing over the editors of several of the Paris newspapers. She sent proof-sheets of her new work out pretty freely, but somehow the newspapers were not at all excited. The editors of Paris papers could, I believe, have a column of Royal literature every day if they so wished it, and I remember a most amusing scene some years ago in the *Figaro* office, where an angry member of the staff was raising Cain one night because a poem by the King of Sweden, a story by Princess Waldemar of Denmark, and other work by other Royal contributors (unremunerated naturally) was crowding out his copy. But people will buy the Infanta Eulalia's book now, although she does want to know "Why should we witness the eternalisation in the name of an absolute religious principle of Gehennas, whose tortures are as varied as they are exhaustive?" and "Why should not reason and individual rights be correctives of chance, of miscalculation, and disappointed hopes?" Why, indeed? But the contents of the book don't matter now. The Infanta's Royal nephew has proved such an admirable press agent. We simply have to talk about it.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

# Riviera Notes

## ITALY'S DIFFICULTY

THE "sun-merchants" of the French Riviera are chuckling—from Marseilles to Mentone. Thanks to not a small section of the British Press—to say nothing of the German—the Italian Riviera looks like having anything but a good season, while travellers generally are "funking" Egypt, Algeria, and Tunis on account of the Tripoli pother and of something else unmentionable. So, with any luck, the Côte d'Azur should reap a record harvest. Anyway, that is what everyone down here expects, and, so far, search where I will, I have been unable to find an *hôtelier* with a gloomy face.

The Duke of Manchester (right) and Comte Gregoresco (left) at Monte Carlo

**Golf at Monte**

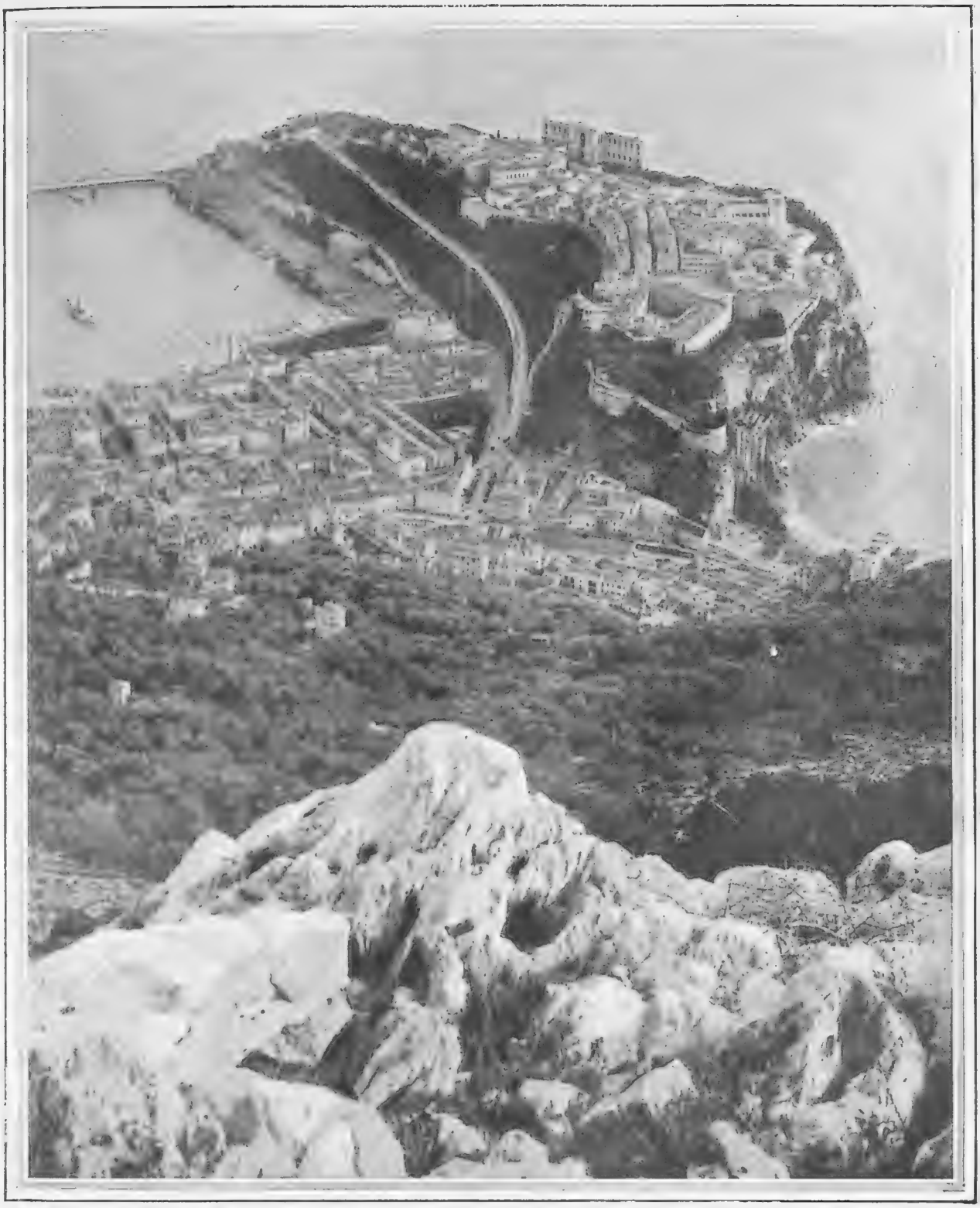
There are not a few alterations and improvements since last I made my BYSTANDER bow. First and foremost, Monte has got its golf links, in spite of the pessimists, to say nothing of the rain, which did its best to wash away the course in the middle of its making. But such little contretemps as this failed to frighten the Société des Bains de Mer, or Mr. W. A. C. Lethbridge, who really is an indefatigable secretary, or Mr. Henry Trub, manager of the Metropole, to whose mind-speaking the links really owe their existence. So far, of course, the links are anything but finished, but there are

## FRANCE'S OPPORTUNITY

nine good sporting holes to play' and you've got to be a good golfer to master them. The club-house—a gorgeous affair, all marble and mosaic and *tout le comfort moderne* (it cost £8,000 to create)—is quite ready, and one or two luncheon and tea-parties have already been given there. The Casino provides a couple of very smart motor-cars, that run one up to Mont Agee in three-quarters of an hour for a couple of francs, and a little later on there is to be tennis and pigeon-shooting as well as golf to attract us. The subscription is a low one, and when time has done the necessary work, Monte should be proud of its course.

**Handsome Tips**

Another of this season's novelties is to be the re-opening of the Beausoleil "Palais de Soleil" by the ubiquitous Henri Ruhl, who has also acquired the Hôtel des Anglais at Nice, which he is hard at work converting into a Carlton Palace. The Palais de Soleil will have a theatre, a restaurant, *boule* and *baccarat* as its attractions, and will certainly keep a few away from the Nice Casino—a dangerous competitor. Tipping is now allowed at the Monte Casino, and the croupiers are getting rich fast. The



A NOVEL VIEW OF MONACO: THE PICTURESQUE TOWN PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MARITIME ALPS

The climate of Monaco is milder than that of any other place in the Riviera. palms and aloes grow most luxuriantly, and rare wild flowers are to be found on its rocky promontory

Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenberg-Schwerin enriched them the other day to the tune of a couple of thousand francs!

**For Gamblers and Others**

The sporting club opens the middle of this month, but the new rooms will be closed till January, when we shall have to pay a hundred instead of fifty francs for the use of them. This may keep out the crowd—one hopes it will, at any rate. The resuscitated Cercle de la Mediterranée at Nice begins operations on January 1. It now boasts a very intellectual committee, with the Duc de Montebello as president and the Duke of Westminster and Baron de St. Marc as vice-presidents. Baron de St. Marc will again be at the head of the Imperial Club in the grounds of the Hôtel Imperial, where they are adding tennis, croquet, and archery to the roller-skating and dancing attractions. The club is to be known this year as the Parc Imperial Country Club. A new wing has been added to the Winter Palace, as well as a skating rink and a huge garage, and any number of new flats have sprung up since last season.

# London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

## "THE LOWER DEPTHS": GORKI'S STRANGE PLAY AT THE KINGSWAY

THIS is less of a play than a series of dialogues on everything in general and nothing in particular. Three of the scenes take place in an underground night-shelter in Moscow, and such drama as occurs is presented with quite a ferocious realism. Here are gathered together human wrecks from all classes. One man, who is a decayed baron, boasts of the day when he had coffee with milk in it for breakfast; another is a destitute actor, whose chief pride is that his organism is poisoned with alcohol—a fact which he seems to consider establishes a sort of enviable class distinction between himself and his less intemperate companions. In one corner of the horrible chamber a woman lies dying of some pulmonary complaint, while her husband, who is a locksmith, hammers, and files, and scratches with a terrible callousness at the foot of her miserable pallet, and the other occupants of the room sing Bacchanalian ditties or rant loudly of the philosophy of despair. Frankly, it cannot be described as altogether pleasant. The moribund lady makes little or no complaint

of the noise and disorder about her. Perhaps she shares the brutal view of one of the occupants that, as she will so soon be dead, a little noise more or less can make no difference. After all, death can come with a noise just as well as without it. The Emperor Nero, at the point of death, had his courtiers at his bedside applauding him vigorously as a successful actor about to make his final exit; while Old Rowley himself was constrained to apologise to the talkative gentlemen about him for the long time he took in dying.

Such story as there is revolves about the women of the piece. Madame Yavorska contents herself with the small part of Nastya, a humble representative of what Kipling has called the oldest profession in the world. Nastya is given, in the general atmosphere of braggadocio, to boasting of the one great romance of her life—of the man who loved her with a pure and lofty passion for herself alone; but her habit of giving him a different name with each version of the story provokes

the laughter of the sceptics, more especially when, in order to bring a little verisimilitude into her story, she triumphantly declares that her hero wore real patent leather boots. The character is necessarily sketched very lightly, but Madame Yavorska contrives to present it with a mingling of humour and pathos that make it quite lifelike. It may be, too, that her imperfect English accent gives the part a touch of realism that it might not otherwise have possessed. Another of the women is Vassilissa, who is the termagant wife of the proprietor of the night-shelter, and who is carrying on an intrigue with one of the lodgers who appears to be engaged in the burgling industry. Vassilissa has a younger sister, whom she beats savagely in fits of jealousy. One of these beatings takes place in the street, and gives rise to a general scuffle, in the course of which Vassilissa's husband makes himself more offensive than usual and gets killed in consequence. This scene is really quite exciting, though I should not like to say it is convincing.

The happiest character in the play is that of Luka, represented with a fine sincerity by Mr. Holman Clark. Luka is one of those Tolstoyan parts which have become very prominent on the stage of recent years. He is described as a "wanderer," and if, like most of his breed, he is a little talkative, he has the

advantage over many of his prototypes in that he is able to be very practical now and again. He it is who consoles the dying woman in her last moments, and, no doubt, his sympathetic patronage of the thief and the wanton has its symbolic intent. But Luka is at no time represented as being any more than a very human being who has learned resignation by suffering, and who can still face the world with a cheery optimism that is a potent influence for good among all with whom he comes in contact. If *The Lower Depths* were possible as a play, this character would make it a success, since it strikes the one note that is of universal popularity.

Among other feats, Luka essays to give an answer to the question, "What is Truth?"—a problem that even Cæsar could not solve on the spur of the moment. Luka's philosophy enables him to decide all the vexed problems of religion by the simple formula that if you believe these things, then they are true; if not, then they are lacking in truth. And that is probably as near to the solution of the great conundrum as anyone is likely to get in a few words. By the light of this teaching the broken-down actor is able to feel satisfied that he is a very great man; and the poor outcast, Nastya, finds the constant lover of her imagination a man who once had a real flesh-and-blood existence. By faith, she evolves him from a mere shadow into a concrete being. And since that way lies happiness, who can presume to say that it is not the way that is best?

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory act of the play is the fourth. The time that should be devoted to drawing together the threads of a very slender story is given over to profitless discussions that end in the still more profitless conclusion that the most agreeable way to Nirvana is—the flowing bowl. (The exception is only in the case of the gentleman who preferred to take his straight from the bottle.) The conclusion is arrived at *nem. con.*, as they say in debating circles, even the one Mohammedan in the cast, who had been engaged some time previously in the acrobatic form of prayer peculiar to Islam, taking his turn at the passing glass. Perhaps the Mohammedans in that part of the world are not so strict as their brothers in warmer

Mr. Holman Clark as "Luka"

latitudes; or, perhaps, as an ingenious Arab gentleman once explained to me, abstinence means leaving off while you are still comparatively sober. I should not like to say that Madame Yavorska's latest enterprise is likely to be successful with the playgoing public. To the friends of the curious it is an extremely interesting play, but the ordinary playgoer, looking forward to a cheerful evening, is hardly likely to find his wants supplied at the Kingsway. JINGLE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

# THE END OF THE ROAD

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

A TRAGEDY OF TWO MARRIAGES

"I MUST speak to you for a moment," he said, catching at her arm.

"You can't have any possible reason—the case is over, and we're both free. Just as free as if we'd never met—never been married."

One hand went quickly upward, readjusting the thick folds of her chiffon veil.

The noise and hurrying feet of the Law Courts boomed round them like the noise of distant cannon. To her everything had been loud all day, the rustling papers, the whispering lawyers, the persistent scratching of pens, and lastly the deep blurr of the Judge's voice. Life was ending in a thunder-clap, and sensations that poured over her like a ceaseless waterfall. She looked into her husband's face—or, rather, her late husband's face—unconsciously she corrected the thought as though it had been spoken.

"But I'll change my mind. Let's go somewhere and talk." Her voice was husky and hard. "I don't know the etiquette of divorce, but I suppose it's still proper my being seen with you?"

They came out into the street, the noise and broken colour of it rising up at them like a tremendous blow. Everything looked different, she thought—now. Motor-'buses were specially built to run over her—taxis to frighten with their wild, derisive cries—the very street itself to open and swallow her up. No one stood between her and the crudeness of life, no one willing and glad to breast the endless, irritating detail of every day. She had lost all that. The Judge knew, the lawyers knew, and by evening the fact would be public property.

"Where shall we go?" he asked. "I don't know anything about this part of Town."

"Anywhere," she said vaguely; and then, with an odd catch in her voice, "let's try a common bar. I've never been in one; I've always wanted to see what it was like."

Unconsciously he took her arm as they threaded through the surging tide of traffic. She smiled, and suddenly realised she was terribly tired.

"In here?" he asked, pushing at a swinging glass door. She nodded, and sat quickly down on a faded plush divan.

"Brandy?"

Again she nodded. Someone or something seemed to have robbed her of words, taken them away a hundred thousand miles. Each effort to speak was like the preparation for that endless journey. Long rows of coloured bottles winked at her, and the electric lights shone like distant stars through the smoky haze. He came back, and she drank mechanically.

"Well?" she managed to say at last. "Well?"

She noticed the dark shadows beneath his eyes. Had he been nursing somebody—sitting up at night, or were those lines and weariness only the trouble and fatigue of getting a divorce?

"I want to know what you're going to do," he said at last.

"Do," she repeated, "what can I do except creep away to the other end of nowhere and try and get well? I'm ill—worn out. The case seems to have got me by the throat, and won't let go. I can't breathe."

"It's over," he said; "we're both free to start again. You'll marry—at least you can if you want to."

Her hands clenched, and she gave a twisted smile.

"How like a man—but, then, you never did understand a woman. You think that marriage to her is like visiting the dressmaker's. If things aren't right, refuse the gown and go somewhere else. When a woman marries for love she's fool enough to give everything, never holds back any charm or allurement for a rainy day, hasn't sense enough to keep something in reserve. Then comes the end of the road. She hasn't got anything left. The man goes away, having taken from her everything, body and soul."

"You're young," he began.

"Young! I'm a thousand years old. I feel I was present when God began to think about making the world. I'm like the whited sepulchre: outside, pale, interesting, and even picturesque—inside——"

Her grey-gloved hands lifted, shaking like autumn leaves, then fell heavily on the marble-topped table.

"Our marriage was a great mistake. We were never suited for each other."

"I've been waiting for that remark," and she smiled, "as if it were a railway train. It's the remark a man always makes to justify himself, and throw a glamour over existing facts. Don't you think I realised that—weeks—years before you did? What did I do on those long, dull days with you away? Sit down with my thoughts as though they were children. That thought of our being unsuited was always the bad child. It came in and demoralised the entire kindergarten. I couldn't whip it for telling the truth."

"All this introspect doesn't tell me what you are going to do. We're both all right financially, but otherwise what are your plans?"

"What do women do in books?" she questioned. "I always think that's such a help. It's so nice afterwards to blame the author if one has made mistakes."

She gave a little laugh to see whether that was still left to her.

"I shan't ask again—there's no legal reason I should take any interest."

"No legal reason"—she took up the words—"there's no reason at all. And now I want you to go. Just leave me here. I shan't take to drink or assassinate your lawyers. I'm only going to sit at this tragic little table and adjust my life. Good-bye, and shall I say good luck?"

He took her hand, and bowed stiffly over it like an automatic toy.

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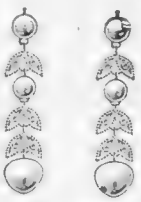

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N.B.—A full-sized 1/- flask of Amami Peroxide Tooth Powder will be sent free of charge with every order mentioning "The Bystander."

"If ever you should want——"

She interrupted him quickly.

"But I shan't, thanks—I'm going to get on splendidly—and the word 'help' sounds like five-shilling postal orders and a Christmas hamper. Good-bye."

He turned, pushed against the frosted glass door, and became one with the moving pageant of the street outside.

"And he never paid for the drinks or took off his hat," she said slowly, feeling for her chatelaine.

. . . . . .

The girl in the big blue-cushioned chair stirred a little, and the firelight flickered across her face like a swift golden flag.

"It's so unutterably good to be loved by the right person," she was saying. "I never think of the marriage of two people, but always the marriage of two lives. People are so commonplace, lives so unutterably wonderful. The one capable of just so much and no more. The other boundless in gigantic possibilities."

One slim, white hand went out towards the blaze, the man at her feet caught it and curved it down to his lips.

"You are the one woman," he said, "who can talk seriously and remain adorable. You ought to breathe in butterflies and have all your thoughts wrapped up in a rose-leaf."

"You don't take love as seriously as I do." The hand he held released itself and wandered over his dark hair. "You're older and perhaps know more about it. But if you were young and alone," she sighed, "like I am, you'd be so glad you'd be frightened that gladness couldn't last."

"And you love me?" once again the hand was prisoner.

"I love you," she said steadily, "beyond all power of telling. I wouldn't even share my love with the words that might explain it. I'm jealous of the ink when I write you, and—and—did you know, I always put a kiss under the stamp?"

Something like a sob came into his throat.

"But you mustn't—I'm not worthy of all that. Prince Perfection wouldn't be either, and I'm ten years older and I'm getting grey, dear—had you noticed?"

She began to speak, but his big, bronzed hand lifted and laid itself tenderly across her lips.

"Don't go on thinking me wonderful—that's all wrong. I'm only an ordinary man—too ordinary for you and the great love you bring me. Think of me as you would of other people."

"I can't," she whispered, "oh, I can't. I suppose it must be because I'm young. Everything about you is a song to me. Everything you do and say a jewel that's caught up and hidden in the depths of my heart. If you are away from me for a single hour I take out my remembrance jewels and become almost content without you."

The room was strangely quiet, and one could almost hear the flames at their magic changing from red to gold. She watched the opal lights quiver across their interlocked hands.

"I wonder if you have anything to tell me," she said, after a long pause; "if there's anything about your life I ought to know."

"The past hasn't got anything to do——"

"Oh, yes, it has," she put in quickly; "it's the past and the things of the past that go to make up our present. Its influence lives on and darts in and out like the threads of a tapestry."

Slowly he withdrew his hand from hers.

"I told you I married."

"And your wife died."

"My wife died," he repeated like a child at its lessson; "there's nothing more to tell."

She moved among the cushions. Something was hovering illusively beyond the reach of her brain. Had he told her everything? If so, why this undefined shadow that fluttered phantom-like across the truth of his words?

"In giving you myself"—and her eyes were still on the fire—"I give something that demands a fair exchange. You know the pallid history of my life till now, and you have proved that it is true. I have only your word. Somehow—call it woman's intuition—I feel there's something else."

"I swear there isn't," his voice was almost angry. "Could I come to you with a lie on my lips?"

She let the question go by, and seemed to struggle with deep thoughts as though they were deep, dark water.

"Haven't you always wondered why a woman must always suffer for the lies of a man?"

"Can't say I ever thought about it," his fingers played with a tassel of her gown. "I'll admit a woman usually pays in the ordinary course of events. The man goes free even when the lie belongs to him."

"That's exactly what I mean," she said; "but with us it's going to be the other way round."

"With us?" the words came hurriedly. "I don't see where we come into it."

"If you lied to me——"

He stood up, and she allowed her voice to die away. Why had he come—why was he here? Should he tell the truth and run the gigantic risk of losing her? No—anything but that. What a fool he was—a nervous fool too. The pulse over his left eyelid beat furiously.

"I haven't lied," and he was kneeling beside the blue arm of her chair. "It's all the truth—every bit of it."

She slipped her hand gently into his without looking at him.

"If you have," she said slowly, "the lie will come back to you—the lie and what follows after."

"As you will," he murmured, his lips pressed against her hand.

. . . . . .

"I think this night's been ripped out of an inferno," he said, steering the huge car cautiously round a curve. She laughed quietly at his words and the sting of the rain in her face.

"It's a night when the presence of a chauffeur would spoil everything. It's good to be out with you in a storm."

"A queer honeymoon!"

Again she laughed. "It's my first," she said; "naturally I find everything adorable. And I love the storm, the sad, dark trees, the wet, shining blackness of the road."

Her heart was singing. She felt hopelessly weak and feminine, dependent on the man she married. He stood between her and the adverse winds of the unknown. Something great and wonderful seemed to hold her in the protective hollow of its hand. The car raced on, like a wild thing, flashing great yellow eyes out into the night—mocking the darkness, hooting echoes from the damp silence, ripping through the

*(Continued on page 606)*

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(Continued from page 604)

heart of a valley and up—up—up the hill on the other side. Then there came a quick curve. Two yellow eyes faced them, a shout, the sharp, sudden action of brakes, and the harsh shock of meeting. It was over in a second. Almost before she realised it, the thing was done.

"I'm not hurt," she said quickly. "I wonder if they are."

Her husband laughed, and the sound went up like incense with the falling rain and the quick, agonising panting of the two cars. He hurried to the other car. Something—somebody swathed in veils rose up out of the darkness like a jointed doll. Behind the figure moved the chauffeur, small, anxious, and carrying a detached side-light.

"I hope you're not——" he began. "I hope we haven't——" then he looked back at his wife as though for strength to meet something horrible—terribly unforeseen.

"I hope we haven't done any damage," he said at last.

The something—the somebody threw back damp folds of chiffon. Light flashed—and he knew.

"Oh, it's you—oh, it's you!"

A sound like the strangled soul of a laugh hurried across her lips.

"You're on your honeymoon," she said. "I saw it in the papers. Don't you think God must be terribly amused over this meeting? Perhaps He arranged it as a treat for some angel's holiday."

He caught at her arm.

"She doesn't know," he whispered, and a fold of chiffon blew across his mouth like a gag. "I said you were dead—dead, you understand?"

"Ah!" she said, "ah!" and turned quickly to her chauffeur.

"What's wrong—what's the damage?"

The chauffeur's gruff voice, heavy with technical terms, drilled with persistence through the rain. She interrupted him quickly:

"Then we'll want help. You must stay here with the gentleman's wife. He and I can take her car and race to Bellford. No, I wish to go myself."

. . . . . .

For the first mile they said nothing. She insisted on driving, and he never thought it odd that she should know how.

"It must be a curious sensation," she said at last.

"What?" and his voice sounded muffled.

"Driving in a car on the same night with the wife who was and the wife who is. It's almost worthy of a melodrama."

"Yes," he said quietly, "it is."

Suddenly the calm and ease seemed to be torn from her, and he almost heard fury and rage born at her heart.

"Why didn't you tell her I was alive? Why were you afraid? She's too young to found her life on a lie. Besides that she loves you. I saw her eyes follow you—and knew."

The car flew round a curve like some hunted thing.

"Why?" she insisted, "why?"

He raised one hand slowly towards his face.

"Afraid," and his words came thick and fast—"afraid of losing her. She said she must have my past as well as my future. Said the yesterday made us what we are to-day—she was so young—youth is so easily frightened, and—and—I wanted her so."

She said nothing, and at the top of the hill they found the roar of the sea. Far below the waves danced like white things risen from the dead. And as they danced they cried to the rain, the wind, and the rocks; cried to the darkness and the hidden stars; cried to the man's heart that he needed youth and its fire o' love for future years. He forgot the other woman at his side, the woman who gripped the steering-wheel with hands relentless as iron and stared like fate down the dark, wet road. Then there came a voice that was louder than the sea, that mocked the wind and rain as useless and stabbed at his heart with the sudden sharpness of a knife.

"You've got to tell her. She's got to know."

"No."

"You must—you must. Can't you see that it's easier for her now—easier to know. Her heart is young, pliable, and she might forgive. But later—no, she never would forgive you later. She's got to know for her own sake. A woman has the right to start on truth when she's young—later she doesn't care. You've got to tell her."

"No," he said again.

There were lights in the windy distance now. They flickered like fireflies, and their dancing seemed one with the dancing of the waves.

"Then you won't tell her?"

"No." The word was a worn-out thing now, and seemed to go limping and crippled into the night. Then quite suddenly the car stopped, quivering like some animal about to spring.

"I won't be dead," and her voice held the hard brightness of a diamond. "I won't be dead."

"You——" he began, but the sound of it was killed by the rain. Shot he thought.

"I'm alive," she hurried on; "nobody shall think that I am dead. She shan't think so any longer. She must see me and know the truth."

Everything was passing over him in a storm. Unconsciously he bowed his head as though to meet it.

"And my happiness?" the words were a question.

"It is a word I've never understood," she said; "but I've come to the end of something—the end of the road. A climax always happens there. You're not even content to divorce me. I've got to die as well. Got to be dead for her pleasure and peace of mind." She held out her hands, and he saw that they were trembling.

"Those are not the hands of a dead woman," and she laughed as the big car leaped forward again, hungry for the road. Suddenly she turned sharply to the right, and the distant lights faded out behind a hill. A stony road shook them back and forwards. A sudden jolt flung her against his breast.

"Are you sure we're right—the road seems——"

"Yes, yes," she said quickly, "we're quite right."

How loud the sea was—like mad, white musicians playing desperate music among the pointed rocks. The spray beat into his face. She laughed. Then he realised. Just ahead *was* the sea—white, black, black, white. A gull whirled over their heads. He hurled himself across the steering-wheel. Distant lights round a bend—her laugh—the call of the gull—foam—blackness—crumbling earth—then down.

"The end of the road," she cried, and the rocks came up pointing sharp fingers like a monster hand.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

## The Medical Press and the

# Remarkable Experiments with BOVRIL

## on men and animals.

"The results were simply startling."—*Medical Times.*

The report on the nutritive value of Bovril read before the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association is attracting wide attention in the medical profession.

The "British Medical Journal" of September 16 devoted some six pages to a detailed account of the recent experiments, in which it was shown that in the case of human beings the body-building power of Bovril was "even more marked" than had been previously shown in the experiments with animals. A further article has just appeared in the "Medical Times," and the following extracts are of universal interest. The "Medical Times" first points out that the experiments were originally conducted "with the object of ascertaining whether a certain beef extract (Bovril) supplied to the Government had any nutritive value or not. The results were simply startling."

"It was found that in all cases the administration of the extract (Bovril) caused an immediate increase of weight."

"In subject C (human) it was found after the use of 10 grams of Bovril the mean increase of weight was 129 grams, whilst in subject S (human) the mean increase after the use of 10 grams of the same extract was no less than 216 grams. In each series of experiments on the dogs it was found that the actual increase in weight varied from ten to twenty times the weight of the dry solids added in the shape of the extract to the food, whilst in the human experiments the increase was even more marked."

One important point brought out by these experiments is the fact that this increase in weight is in tissue and muscle, and not merely fat, showing that Bovril must therefore be regarded as a true nutrient and an essential part of the diet of every man, woman and child.

**EXPERIMENTS ON HUMAN BEINGS.**

**10 grams of Bovril were used in each case.**

*Two examples, the figures being taken from the table published in the "British Medical Journal."*

| Experiment on | Mean Weight during previous interval in Kilos. | Mean Weight during Feeding period in Kilos. | Mean Increase in Grams | Nitrogen of Extract. in Gram. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Subject S. | 84.032 | 84.248 | 216 | 0.920 |
| Subject C. | 61.661 | 61.790 | 129 | 0.920 |

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# The Literary Log

## Rolled by Ralph Straus

**An Unknown Country**

The glorified guide-book has most fortunately gone out of fashion, but many books of travel have a habit of becoming dull, unless you happen to have been to the places of which they speak, and can corroborate, or contradict, their authors' powers of observation. It is easy to spend two months in Queensland or Patagonia and produce a large volume with an alliterative title on either of these countries; but it is mightily difficult to write a good book about a strange land in such a way as at once to gain the casual reader's interest, and to put down on paper things as they really are. Spectators see most of the game, no doubt, but they must be cognisant of the rules. Your true pilgrim discovers things for himself, and the unfolding of the rules will form the basis of his book. Mr. Stephen Graham I look upon as a true pilgrim, and in his *Undiscovered Russia* (John Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) he has written an account of his vagabondage (what a useful word this is!) among the strangely mediæval peasants living in their wooden villages scattered over the wild northern provinces of Russia. It is a wholly lovable book. Everything is told quite simply. Mr. Graham just tramped from place to place. Sometimes there was no bed for him, and sometimes the bed was not very inviting. The beetles, indeed, seem to have regarded him as a fair field for exploration.

**A Book Apart**

Occasionally he was taken for a spy, but he was never molested. When his boots wore out, he obtained a pair made of plaited bark. And he made numerous friends, for he came to these people, not as a commercial spy, but as a man (occasionally disguised, from the waist upwards, as a gentleman), keen to be at one with them. And in these illiterate, kind-hearted, intensely religious moujiks, he says, is a people who must resemble, so far as their general conditions are concerned, the English peasants of the middle ages. About the result of his tramp he is modest. "It is almost impossible," he says, "to enter into Russian life entirely, and become one with it. The Western stranger, the intellectualised and spoilt person, will enjoy the freedom of it, will drink deep of the truth of it, but often when he would fain participate in its glories he will find himself only a looker-on." But there is enough in this book of his to show that Mr. Graham is a discerning man, and more than a little of a poet. He has altogether left the ordinary tracks, and one can share his own satisfaction. *Undiscovered Russia* will be a revelation to most people. It is a book apart.

**A Caricaturist**

How widely known Henry Ospovat's name was at the time of his death a year or two ago I am unable to say. You saw some of his extraordinarily successful caricatures, mostly of stage favourites, reproduced here and there in the magazines, and his illustrations to editions of Shakespeare and Matthew Arnold had been admired by the few. His friends expected great things of him, chiefly as a portrait-painter, but he died at the age of thirty-one. A monument to his memory now appears in a beautifully printed volume, *The Work of Henry Ospovat* (St. Catherine Press: 21*s.* net). Herein are reproduced some sixty drawings, portraits, and caricatures, of which two or three are in colour. To the larger public, I expect, Ospovat's name will live more particularly as a caricaturist, and I could wish that there had been room for a larger number of these caricatures of his. A representative collection, however, has been brought together, and the book is enriched by a fine and distinctive introduction written by Mr. Oliver Onions, Ospovat's friend and former colleague. It must have been difficult to write such an introduction, but Mr. Onions was obviously the proper person to do it. "The ends of caricature," he remarks in one place, "are not satisfied by the mere placing of an enormous head and a pigmy body in juxtaposition," but Ospovat was not a man to fall into any such error. In his caricatures he shows a positively uncanny genius. There must be a little cruelty in caricature, and the "victim" who takes offence must have but a poor sense of humour.

FROM OUR XMAS NUMBER

"THE INTRUDER"

One of the colour-plates in our Christmas Number (now on sale), which has proved widely popular. The issue, which contains 160 pages, is now on sale, and nobody should miss it, as it is universally agreed to be the most remarkable Christmas Number ever issued by "The Bystander" or any other paper

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## An Invitation

Lovers of Antiques are invited to inspect the magnificent collection exhibited at the Soho Galleries. Many fine examples of genuine Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite Furniture may be seen here, together with other Art Treasures both beautiful and interesting. No obligation to purchase is implied by a visit, and much useful information may be obtained from the experienced and courteous attendants.

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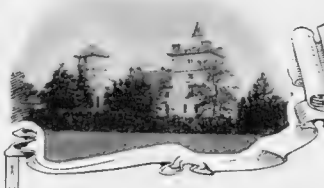

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# More Christmas Books

Lack of space last week compelled me to hold over many notices of volumes suitable for presentation at Christmas, and I propose briefly to mention them here. *The Power of the Dog* (Hodder and Stoughton: 25*s.* net) is a volume that no lover of dogs should be without. It contains twenty excellent plates in colour by Maud Earl, depicting different breeds of dogs, with letterpress by A. Croxton Smith. Rather different from their ordinary colour volumes, but quite as delightful, is Messrs. A. and C. Black's *Aucassin and Nicolete* (7*s.* 6*d.*). It is translated and edited by Harold Child, with colour illustrations by A. Anderson. The dainty gold borders to the pages are highly effective. *Saturday in My Garden*, by F. Hadfield Farthing, F.R.H.S. (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a book that will appeal irresistibly to all amateur gardeners. It is described as "a practical guide to the cultivation of small gardens, with hints on their care and management," and admirably lives up to its description. It is profusely illustrated with diagrams and photographs, and is marvellously cheap at the price.

### New Fairy-Tales

Probably no country is richer in folk-tales than Italy, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that *The Italian Fairy Book*, by Anne Macdonell (T. Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), proves to be a most interesting addition to the volumes of fairy-tales already published. There are numerous black-and-white illustrations, and a colour frontispiece by Morris Meredith Williams. "Do you know of a good children's play?" I was asked recently. After some thought I had to reply in the negative. I didn't know then of *Home Plays for Boys and Girls*, by various living writers (T. C. and E. C. Jack: 5*s.* net). This is just the volume to recommend to all enquirers of the above description. There are many helpful diagrams and illustrations. Sir James Yoxall, M.P., has, by the way, written an excellent yarn for boys in *The Doings of Dick and Dan* (Partridge: 3*s.* 6*d.*).

### More Gift Books

*The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, edited by Francis Turner Palgrave (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.* net), is a beautiful little volume, consisting of a selection of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, and embellished by numerous full-page colour drawings by artists who have been extremely happy in the treatment of their subject. For all the illustrations are uncommonly attractive, and the volume is certainly worth double the price asked for it. Each copy of this work is packed in a pretty cardboard box, with a picture in colours on the lid.

R. M.


**Mr. Heinemann's Xmas Books**

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*"If she had only been a man," Marriott said, "we could have got round her . . . . . We could have sent her a tin of the 'Arcadia.'" Chap. XXXI.*

# Faulkner & Son
BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871 ·
52, South Molton St., Bond St., W.
Have been Awarded
TWO GRAND PRIX
(*the highest possible award*)
at the
TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
For their Display of . .
Hunting and Walking
**BOOTS and LEGGINGS.**
Grand Prix Franco-British Exhibition.

*Welcome always, Keep it handy,*

# GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

***Sold Everywhere.***

Made from delicious Kent Morella Cherries.

**Also Grant's Sloe Gin, Cherry Whisky, &c.**

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THE STARS TELL YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth—time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue.

Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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CELEBRATED

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Diploma of Honour, International Exhibition, 1909.
Grand Prix, Japan-British Exhibition, 1910.
Grand Prix, Festival of Empire, 1911.

Packed in **3d.**, **6d.**, and **1/-** Boxes.

**To be obtained of all Confectioners, Grocers, and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.**

TAKING STOCK: FIRST ARTICLE

**The Universal Game**

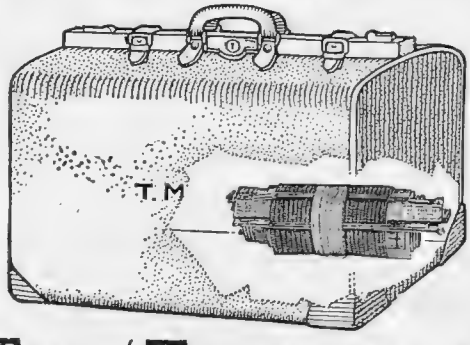
We have now come to the period when, in the phrase sacred to the shop-keeping fraternity, it is convenient to "take stock" of our position. So far as the game itself is concerned, as apart from what I may term its politics, the position was never healthier. More and more is it being recognised, as the years go on, that golf is *the* game for all classes and ages. It has long ago ceased to be a game appealing to a few enthusiastic devotees, and nowadays there is hardly a place on the inhabited globe where a pack of clubs and a supply of golf balls are out of place. The present year, now so rapidly drawing to a close, has seen no diminution of interest in the game, and the crowds which go to watch any match of importance are invariably large, excited, and enthusiastic. Therefore, taking all the evidence available, we may say that golf is still on the up-grade, and that it is making good its claim to be regarded as *the* universal game. So far as the ruling authority goes, there is nothing startling to record. There has appeared in the pages of a monthly contemporary an extremely venomous but anonymous attack against the Royal and Ancient Club as the governing authority. Those who are interested in such things will find on looking through past records that there is a sort of period for these attacks. They seem to occur once every ten years or so, and then pass off without leaving much trace of their agitation. The latest attack differed only from former ones in that its author or authors (for we are left in doubt as to whether one or more persons penned the articles) have tabled a definite proposal for constituting what is called a "Golf Control Committee." The composition of this committee is so ludicrous that it is hardly worthy of discussion. The attack in the main suffers from the vice of most of the previous attacks in wishing to destroy the whole of the present constitution of the government of the game, and to set up in its place a brand new body. I may have more to say on this subject later on. For the moment I merely record the appearance of these articles, which, of course, lose most of what force they might otherwise possess by being anonymous, and thus do not enable critics to estimate the value of those setting forth these iconoclastic proposals. But I take the opportunity of ranging myself with all the force at my command against any proposal which has for its main object the deposition of the Royal and Ancient as the supreme authority.

**Reform not Revolution**

For any proposal which should aim at the strengthening of St. Andrews, and the devising of means for giving the Club better and wider powers of keeping in touch with outside golf opinion, there may be much to be said. Reform, not revolution, should be our motto, in accordance with the wise precedents which govern the proceedings of our race in other and graver matters. Turning to other matters we find that this year has brought us a new amateur definition, a new form for the Amateur International Match, and a pseudo-new set of regulations for the Open Championship, on all of which subjects I have commented in turn as they were given out to a waiting world. The abnormal summer gave a fictitious and temporary impetus to the ball standardising craze. But the return of our climate to its normal habits and the present heavy state of most courses have put an end for the moment to the outcry of the heated few against the latest ball. The agitation of the summer did not succeed in producing any intelligible or practicable plan for standardising the ball, nor do I see any necessity for such a drastic, and, in my opinion, foolish step.

ERNEST LEHMANN

A Useful Christmas Present.




THE 'TRAVELLER'
TROUSERS STRETCHER & PRESS
Weighs but 1½ lb., and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots.
Patent No. 22640 and in U.S.A
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Carriage Paid in U.K.

THIS Press will keep trousers in perfect shape just as well as the cumbrous Wooden Press—and when a man Travels, he can slip it in his bag to insure his good appearance whilst away from home. Even if Three Pairs of Trousers be inserted the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is the only Press properly fitted for All-round use—Home or Travel.

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W.E.S.

Regular users may prefer the Special Bath Mustard, one dozen cartons in tin box.

S.H.B.

*"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,*
*Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?"*
—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Only those who have tried it know the refreshing effect of a

# Mustard Bath

A hot bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

7303

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# HOTEL METROPOLE CANNES

In beautifully wooded grounds of 30 acres. Unobstructed views. Sheltered from north winds by pine woods. Luxurious suites with private baths. Excellent Tennis Courts. Fine Croquet Lawn. Golf, Polo, Yachting, &c. Garage.

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Under the same Management.

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# ERNEST'S

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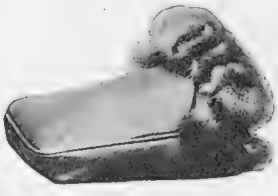
## THE BEST and MOST ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS

**FUR-LINED KNEE RUGS**
in waterproof box cloth or leather
——— of superior quality. ———
2420.—In art shades, lined silver Musquash - - **14 Gns.**
Also lined in various other Furs at strictly moderate prices.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507

**FOOTMUFFS** afford the acme of comfort when motoring in winter.

502.—Melton cloth, trimmed fur - - - **7/6**
Also in fancy leatherette, heavy fur lining - **15/-**
Leather, superior quality - - - **30/-**
507.—Leopard Skin - **50/-**; Puma - **60/-**
Many other designs in different furs at prices from **15/-**

—— ILLUSTRATED FUR BOOKLET JUST PUBLISHED. ——

2420

# Dunhills

2, Conduit Street, London, W.
88, Cross St., Manchester. 72, St. Vincent St., Glasgow.



# What shall we give, this Christmastide?

There are gifts which weary and grow tiresome. There are gifts which have no novelty. But the Christmas gift which will carry ever-increasing pleasure and happiness with it is the incomparable

# Kinora—a Picture Palace at Home.

It surpasses every other gift because the pleasure which it gives is inexhaustible. The Kinora Motion Pictures which go with it can be added to indefinitely by means of the

**MODEL No. 7** (as illustration). Price, with twelve beautiful Living Pictures, with case and packing,
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## Kinora Library Exchange Privilege.

Not only Public and Sporting Events, Racing and Athletic Scenes, Story Pictures, Enchanting Animal Studies, and Motion Portraits of Famous Beauties and Celebrities are available, but a

## Motion Portrait of the Giver

can be included, and a Motion Portrait of the recipient can be added later.

A Kinora and twelve pictures can be bought for **£2 17 6**; a clockwork Kinora and twelve pictures for **£7 4 0**; the richest model Kinora, on handsome pedestal cabinet, with twenty pictures, for **£19 11 8.** Additional pictures **3/6** each. Motion Portraits taken at the Kinora Studio, **£2 2 0**

**Do not choose your Christmas Presents until you have seen the Kinora or sent for the beautiful illustrated "Golden Book of Motion Photography."**

*The Kinora is on view at, and appointments for sittings can be made with, Messrs. Hamley's, 200-202, Regent Street, W., 512, Oxford Street, W., 86-87, High Holborn, W.C., and branches. Kinoras and Kinora Reels can also be obtained of Musical Instrument and Photographic Dealers, and Fancy and General Stores in all the large towns.*

**BOND'S, LTD.,**
**138, New Bond St., London, W.**

# GAMES AND PASTIMES

## ATHLETICS

**Fine Running at Fenner's**

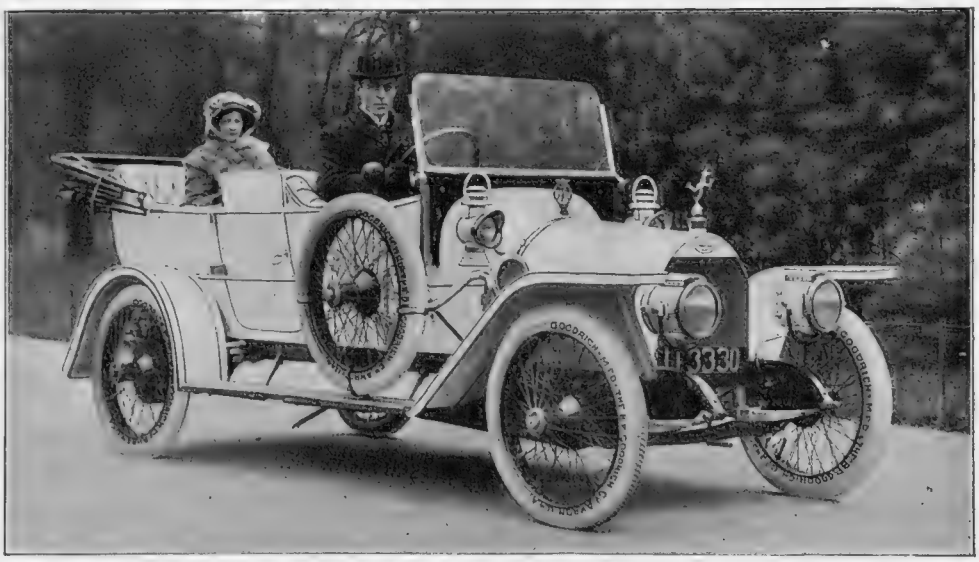
The meeting between Cambridge University and the A.A.A. team at Fenner's last Thursday provided capital sport, and although Cambridge were not at full strength, the A.A.A. men did distinctly well to win by 7 events to 3. Fenner's is noted for its fast times, and even though it rained hard all the morning the going was by no means bad, so that several really good performances were recorded. One of these was the victory gained for the A.A.A. by Kenneth Powell, the old Cambridge Blue, in the Hurdles, his time, 16$^{1}/_{5}$ sec., being decidedly good, seeing that he has but little time for practice. But he manages, with the help of his lawn tennis, to keep in trim all the year round. Another good time was that of the Cambridge president, P. J. Baker, in the Half, which he won in his best style in 1 min. 59$^{2}/_{5}$ sec., and A. L. Treble, who won the Three Miles for the A.A.A. in 14 min. 56$^{1}/_{5}$ sec., has never run better in his life. The other events were won as follows: The Hammer by H. A. Leeke, the Hundred by V. H. d'Arcy, the Long Jump by S. S. Abrahams, the High Jump by C. W. Taylor, and the Mile by A. Hare for the A.A.A., and the Weight by M. J. Susskind, and the Quarter by J. L. Fairrie for Cambridge.

KENNETH POWELL
The crack hurdler and lawn tennis player, winning the Hurdles for the A.A.A. against Cambridge at Fenner's, last Thursday

## LAWN TENNIS

**The New Amateur Definition**

The amateur definition, which for months past has been exercising the minds of the potential Lloyd Georges of the Lawn Tennis Association, is at last *un fait accompli*. Whether the game will be any better for it remains to be seen. It is one thing to make laws and another to enforce them, and the truth of the good old saying that you cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament has yet to be disproved. Before the idea of an amateur definition was mooted the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association had power to prohibit any act or practice by associations, clubs, committees, or players which, in the opinion of the Council, was detrimental to the interests of the game, and deal with those who disregarded such prohibition in such manner as it might think proper. This was a sufficiently wide power to cover a whole multitude of sins against the spirit of amateurism, and it possessed the inestimable advantage of enabling the Council to deal with each individual case on its merits without having to inquire whether it came within the strict letter of any particular law. It naturally threw a good deal of responsibility upon the shoulders of the Council, and possibly this may be the reason why it was not very largely exercised. In addition to it we now have the enumeration of certain acts and practices which are definitely prohibited. For instance, under the new definition a competitor at an open tournament must pay his own travelling and hotel expenses, but it is explained, in parenthesis, that this does not debar him from accepting hospitality at a private house. Now, I cannot see any practical difference between putting a man up in a house where he and his host are absolute strangers to each other and putting him up at an hotel. But, at any rate under the new definition, it seems to me to be legalised, whereas before the definition became law it would have been open to the Council to prohibit the practice, if, in their opinion, it was contrary to the interests of the game.



MR. N. L. GODBER, OF ST. IVEL, LTD., AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 15-22 h.-p. PRINCE HENRY MODEL STOEWER CAR
This particular car was exhibited at the recent Berlin Motor Show, where, on account of its graceful lines and beautiful finish, it attracted considerable attention. The car is extremely silent and very speedy. Rudge-Whitworth wheels and Goodrich tyres are fitted

# Christmas Shopping Notes.

BY MRS. JACK MAY

### A Creation of Supreme Value

THAT nothing has and nothing will oust the pearl from favour as a gem adornment of undeviating value is, perhaps, as true a thing as can be said or written. And certainly no scientific discovery of recent years has surpassed in interest the counterfeit of pearls. Without drawing any invidious comparisons, the secret of the Terisa pearl stands in the front rank of acknowledgment as a creation of supreme value, proof of which, if that be needed, is provided by the fact that the firm responsible for the production are prepared to pay £100 to any charity if better pearls than theirs, other than genuine, can be produced. There have already, in the comparatively short history that is theirs, been innumerable instances where Terisa pearls have been employed to lengthen some existing chain of fabulously costly real pearls, or, perhaps, replace a lost one of a link.

Having said which, it is as clear as that day follows the night how some present in which the Terisa pearls figure comes readily under the consideration of Yuletide gifts. Initially, there is the neat pearl necklet, the cost of which is but 6 gns., with a gold clasp. The actual model in mind is copied from a geniune pearl collar priced at £400, and when placed, even side by side, detection is impossible.

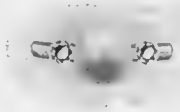
A Ring and two Pairs of Earrings of Terisa Pearls and Diamonds

Of the growing vogue of earrings a good deal has been written in these columns, but not a word too much, for the revival is growing into a veritable obsession. Hence the presence of the two pictured examples, Terisa pearls in each case finding contrasting value in accompanying diamonds. The third illustration shows a ring, a large Terisa pearl flanked by a diamond either side. In tone, texture, and durability, the Terisa pearl cannot be differentiated from nature's handiwork, and at 8, Old Bond Street there will be found a very host of suggestive Christmas presents that are well within the range of those who command a merely averagely endowed purse.

A "Britannic" Watch-Bracelet of 15-ct. Gold, Set with Brilliants, priced at £25

### The Ideal Watch-Bracelet

The "Britannic" Patent Expanding Bracelets, with or without watches, make excellent Christmas gifts for anyone desirous of giving something really good. They are much safer and likely to give less trouble than the ordinary bracelet secured with a snap, and are delightfully smart in appearance. A 15-ct. gold bracelet with 18-ct. lever watch costs from £9 upwards, while if a 15-ct. watch is substituted, from £7 7s. A 9-ct. bracelet with 9-ct. watch is obtainable from £4 17s. 6d. Of course, set with brilliants, they run into big figures. For instance, a platinium, set with brilliants on watch and bracelet, costs £125. Again, a beautiful 18-ct. pearl-set watch with 15-ct. pearl-set band is priced as low as £18 18s. But there are styles and prices to suit everyone, and it should always be borne in mind that the "Britannic" is safe, durable, flexible, and comfortable If rather tight or too easy it can readily be adjusted by sending to the maker through your jeweller. The name "Britannic" and the Patent No. 24396/06 are engraved inside the back of each bracelet.



### William Whiteley, Queen's Rd., Bayswater, W.

Shopping *de luxe* has surely reached its zenith in the new Whiteley's, where every modern comfort is combined with a choice in wares of incomparable value.

No matter where one wanders in the spacious *salons*, some fresh attraction meets the eye at every turn. A pause must inevitably be made before a fascinating selection of silver enamel work, the daintiest of designs wrought into such useful and acceptable form as sovereign-purses, pendants, pencils, etc. The prices asked for these charming pieces are incredibly moderate, such, for example, as 4s. 9d. for a pretty pendant necklet with floral enamel design, and 27s. 6d. for a sweet little expanding watch-bracelet, supplied in numerous artistic and beautiful colours. Sterling silver toilet brushes and mirrors there are in plenty, Empire and chaste designs rivalling each other in popular favour, 10s. 6d. being the commencing price asked for a handsome hair-brush in the latter style. A lady's silver cigarette-case, engine-turned and beautifully finished, with finger-ring chain, 17s. 6d., suggests a gift of modern character, as does also a sterling silver vanity-case, fitted with small but serviceable addenda, for 38s. 6d. Photograph frames of every size, kind, and quality provide useful and always welcome gifts, a real silver midget size costing only 1s.

The novel and exceedingly dainty "Ann Hatherway" series of blotters, lace, handkerchief, tie, and stationery boxes and the like suggest something really fresh in the way of quite inexpensive little offerings, quaint old-world scenes being requisitioned for the adornment of the various articles.

Of course, the toys are irresistible, children of all ages finding the new Whiteley's even more seductively equipped than the old, and higher praise than that it would be impossible to find.

# XMAS AND NEW YEAR.

**If you are going North travel by**

# G. N. R.

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**LONDON (KING'S CROSS)**

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| GRIMSBY | LINCOLN | SHEFFIELD |
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RESTAURANT CARS on principal day trains.

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EXCURSIONS on Fridays, December 22nd and 29th, for 5, 8, or 17 days to Scotland, and on Saturday, December 23rd, for 4, 5, or 8 days to Stations in the Eastern Counties, Midlands, and North of England.

**EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.**

Programme of Excursions and Week-end Tickets gratis on application to Superintendent of the Line, Dept. P 50, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.

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**BERGEN, FINSE, TRONDHJEM, CHRISTIANIA.**

The Tourist or Sportsman who has not seen the Norwegian Winter in all its glory has missed Nature's brightest and fairest scene. In no other country are conditions so favourable for winter sports and pastimes as in Norway.

**NEWCASTLE TO NORWAY AND RETURN**

**From £5 : 5 : 0 (Saloon)**

available outward via Newcastle and Norwegian Royal Mail Steamers and return via Newcastle or Hull and the Wilson Line Steamers.

For illustrated booklet giving full details apply as above.

# SPEND CHRISTMAS AT ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH.

FAST TRAINS FROM LONDON BRIDGE, VICTORIA, and KENSINGTON (Addison Road).

**CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.**

| By all Trains every Friday, Saturday, & Sunday, available to return on the Sunday or following Monday or Tuesday. | Return Fares from Termini to London | 1st Class | 2nd Class | 3rd Class |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | BRIGHTON | 14/- | 8/3 | 7/- |
| | WORTHING | 14/- | 9/3 | 7/9 |
| | LITTLEHAMPTON | 15/- | 10/6 | 8/3 |
| | BOGNOR | 16/6 | 11/3 | 8/9 |
| | HAYLING ISLAND | 17/6 | 11/6 | 9/6 |
| | SOUTHSEA | 19/- | 12/- | 9/6 |
| | PORTSMOUTH | 19/- | 12/- | 9/6 |
| | ISLE OF WIGHT | 21/6 | 13/6 | 11/- |
| | SEAFORD | 14/- | 10/- | 7/9 |
| | EASTBOURNE | 14/- | 10/6 | 8/- |
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| | HASTINGS | 14/- | 10/6 | 8/- |

Tickets issued on December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, available for return on December 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th only.

Cheap Day Return Tickets daily to certain Stations.

*For Christmas Holiday arrangements obtain programme, post free, of Superintendent of the Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.*

# South Eastern & Chatham Railway

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**MONTE CARLO, CANNES, NICE, MENTONE, Etc.**—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, *viâ* FOLKESTONE and CALAIS, 1st Class, £9 12s. 0d., 2nd Class £6 12s. 0d., leaving CHARING CROSS STATION at 1.0 p.m. on DECEMBER 22. Returning any day up to JANUARY 30.

**PARIS** and Back, *viâ* CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 30s. 0d.; **BRUSSELS** and Back, 19s. 6d.; **BOULOGNE** and Back, 17s. 10d.

**SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.—A FAST LATE TRAIN** to SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.15 midnight, WATERLOO 12.17 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.22 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.28 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.37 a.m. **A FAST LATE TRAIN** to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.30 midnight, HOLBORN 12.25 midnight, ST. PAUL'S 12.27 a.m., ELEPHANT AND CASTLE 12.31 a.m., LOUGHBORO' JUNCTION 12.38 a.m., BRIXTON 12.39 a.m., and HERNE HILL 12.45 a.m. **CHEAP RETURN TICKETS** will be issued by these Trains, at the **Week-end Fares**, for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Several Extra Trains will run but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS** FROM **PRINCIPAL STATIONS** TO **PENGE** (FOR **CRYSTAL PALACE**) AND **LONDON**, returning from **LONDON** about midnight. Frequent trains from VICTORIA, SNOW HILL, and LUDGATE HILL to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION) and *vice versâ*

For full particulars as to alterations in Train Services, etc., see Special Train Service Supplement and Holiday Programme.

FRANCIS H. DENT, General Manager.

# WHERE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS

## CLACTON-ON-SEA

and SOUTHCLIFF

## FELIXSTOWE

SOUTHERN ASPECT
RECORD SUNSHINE
MILD TEMPERATURE

WEEK-END, FORTNIGHTLY AND TOURIST TICKETS

RESIDENTIAL SEASON TICKETS

CHEAP TICKETS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

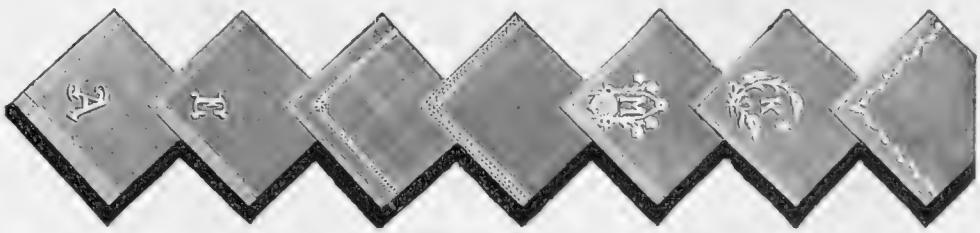
CONVENIENT TRAIN SERVICE

MIDNIGHT SUPPER TRAIN TO CLACTON EVERY SATURDAY

**Pamphlets containing full particulars will be sent gratis upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.**

### A Popular Present

Handkerchiefs are always a popular present, alike with donor and recipient. And they are never better than when obtained from a firm of such standing as Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd., of 441, Donegall Place, Belfast. We illustrate some of this firm's manufactures. From left to right they are a gentleman's linen handkerchief, with 11in. old English style initial, at 11*s.* 9*d.* per dozen; next is a trifle smaller at 8*s.* 6*d.* per dozen; then a ladies' fine linen hand fancy-stitched at 7*s.* 6*d.* per dozen; next to this a ladies' superfine mull handkerchief at 13*s.* 6*d.* per dozen; then we have a ladies' mull handkerchief, with initial in floral surround, at 4*s.* 11*d.* per dozen; while next door is a ladies' fine linen hemstitched at 7*s.* 11*d.* per dozen; and lastly a dainty affair at 3*s.* 9*d.* But write to Robinson and Cleaver for their Christmas list and samples, post free.



Types of Linen Handkerchiefs at Robinson and Cleaver's

### An Artistic Free Gift

A free gift, acceptable to all, is the artistically designed and exceedingly well-produced calendar issued by the proprietors of Mellin's Food. Lettered and flowered in gold on a grey-toned board, a centre square is occupied with a fine reproduction in colours of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." This graceful copy very faithfully portrays the master's conception in the original work of the glory of motherhood and the sacredness of childhood, expressed through his divine subject. The calendar, which can be hung or stood up, is well worth sending for. Write to Mellin's Food, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E., enclosing two penny stamps for postage.

### Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street

Apparently the yearly increasing difficulties of obtaining really genuine antiques holds no terrors for Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, whose annual show, just prior to Christmas, is held with the regularity of clockwork. The display represents a twelve-month's steady collecting, pursued in the most systematic manner, while money has never been allowed to stand in the way of acquiring any rare and interesting piece.

Peculiarly beautiful are the examples of old needlework. Those who are well versed in the value of these delicately embroidered pictures have a veritable treat in store for them at Wigmore Street. The firm, as usual, has brought out a catalogue illustrating a few specimens, but, of course, it is the colouring that is so perfectly beautiful. Bird subjects are particularly prominent, as behoves the trend of the moment. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody also set great store on their collection of rare Stuart relics, the present gathering including a casket entirely worked in fine beads, a Stuart *petit point* panel, particularly fine in colouring, and mounted in a black frame. Nor by any means is the least interesting portion of the collection provided in old English bead-work bags, gifts of assured value, more especially when completed by old Pinchbeck mounts. There is also a choice, but one somewhat limited, of old china pieces, together with several fine specimens of old glass; while, to descend a little in the scale, those who are interested in home needlecraft will be delighted with the small pieces of costly brocades and such like, which are marked down to an exceedingly low figure, and which do so admirably for working up into little fancy articles, always dear to the tenderly nurtured, dainty woman.

So Different,
So much better!

Different from other dentifrices because, when in contact with moisture or acids, Calox releases active oxygen.

Better than any others because Calox purifies as Nature purifies—by oxygenising all impurities.

Calox is a natural and entirely harmless bleaching agent for the teeth, making them beautifully white without the mechanical action of gritty or fibrous substances.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Scientifically Perfect—Medically approved.
Sold everywhere in dainty and convenient metal boxes at 1s. 1½d.

Sample and Interesting Book Free.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd.,
75, Farringdon Road,
London, E.C.

"A good digestion"

—an excellent wish, which may be realised by taking the "Allenburys" Diet.

It affords an ideal food for those of weakened or temporarily impaired digestion.

It is prepared from rich milk and whole wheat—the two vital food elements, combined in a partially predigested form.

MADE IN A MINUTE—
add boiling water only.

Large sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

The "Allenburys" DIET

Of Chemists 1/6 & 3/- per tin.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.

# XMAS HOLIDAYS

## WEST CLIFF HOTEL FOLKESTONE

**Under New Proprietors and Management**

DANCES, ENTERTAINMENTS,
CHILDREN'S PARTIES, etc.

**ORCHESTRA DAILY.**

*Special Engagement of*

Mr. FRANK IVIMEY,
Musical Director and Violoncello.

MR. GEORGE SWAIN,
Pianist.

MISS ADA GASKILL,
Contralto.

MR. FREDERICK LAKE,
Tenor.

MR. STUART DEBNAM,
Humorist.

HOME FOR XMAS

THE PLEASANT ROUTE

L&S.W.R.

**DINING-CAR EXPRESSES**
From London (Waterloo) at ordinary and cheap fares
**On SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23rd**
TO
**DEVON and CORNWALL**

*4.15 p.m. to Exeter, Launceston, Bude, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Padstow, etc.
*4.25 p.m. to Exeter, Okehampton, Exmouth, Tavistock, Plymouth, etc.
*4.40 p.m. to Exeter, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bideford, Torrington, etc.
*Hot Dinners 3s., Suppers 2s., served *en route*.

FAST EXCURSIONS on SATURDAY NIGHT to same places, also to principal stations in
**DORSET, WILTS, SOMERSET, HANTS, etc.**
Extended Week-end Tickets available to return Dec. 24 to 27.

**XMAS ON THE CONTINENT**
14-day Excursions from Waterloo, etc., *via* Southampton, to
**PARIS**
(1st. 39/3; 2nd, 30/3; 3rd, 26/-), NORMANDY, BRITTANY, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

For full particulars see programmes, obtainable at Company's Offices, or from Mr. HENRY HOLMES, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

# CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS

TO

THE MIDLANDS, YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE AND NORTH OF ENGLAND

BY

## G. C. R.

FROM

LONDON (MARYLEBONE).

***BUFFET CARS*** On principal Express Trains.

***COMFORTABLE CARRIAGES*** Well Lighted; Genial Temperature.

**Special Programme of Cheap Fares FREE at Marylebone** Station, G.C.R. Town Offices and Agencies, or by post from Publicity Dept., 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

**SAM FAY,** *General Manager.*

THE WORLD-FAMED **Angelus** PLAYER PIANOS

the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy, Reliability and Moderate Prices.

**SIR HERBERT MARSHALL & SONS, Ld.,**
Dept. 79, Angelus Hall, Regent House, Regent St., Lndn.

*The Lisburn Linen Co.,*
*Lisburn, Ireland.*

Manufacturers of Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Damask Towels, Handkerchiefs, and all classes of Household Linens. All goods guaranteed pure linen. Irish Manufacture. Prices and samples post free.

**Appleton's 6/- Novels**

## THE COMMON LAW

BY

**ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

This new novel tells a story of Bohemian life in the artists' quarters and has been compared to Du Maurier's TRILBY. With nearly sixty illustrations by CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

**By David Graham Phillips**

**THE GRAIN OF DUST**

"The story is a singularly absorbing one."—*Sunday Times.*

**By George Gibbs**

**THE BOLTED DOOR**

"Clever, dexterous, and always fascinating."—*Manchester Courier.*

25, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON.

# This New Perfume

originally created for Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Connie Ediss, and Miss Olive May, is

## The Ideal Present to give this Christmas

Poinsetta has already delighted the four famous actresses whose portraits appear on this page. The united and unqualified approval of such discriminating judges gives the buyer of Christmas gifts a foreknowledge of fashion's fancy; it is an assurance that Poinsetta will delight the most critical.

The selection of a perfume as a gift is no easy matter, but the purchaser can choose with confidence where praise has been so unstinted and approval so unanimous.

Give your friends a bottle of Poinsetta this Christmas. This gift will be cherished and treasured; it will survive the mere compliments of the season, and your friends' appreciation of such an appropriate present will long outlast the gift itself.

## Atkinson's Poinsetta Perfume

To those who wish to make their Christmas gifts even more acceptable, we would suggest the addition of one or all of the Poinsetta specialities below.

Each Poinsetta speciality is supplied in a neat gold box. Whether it be perfume, powder or soap, ladies of taste will recognise "the Bond Street cachet of the packing."

**Poinsetta Perfume.** In three sizes—4s. 6d., 8s. 6d. and 20s. per bottle. Toilet Powder—price 2s. per box. Toilet Soap—price 1s. per tablet. Hair Lotion—price 6s. per bottle. Sachets—price 1s. each.

*The "Poinsetta" Specialities may be obtained from all High-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Makers—*

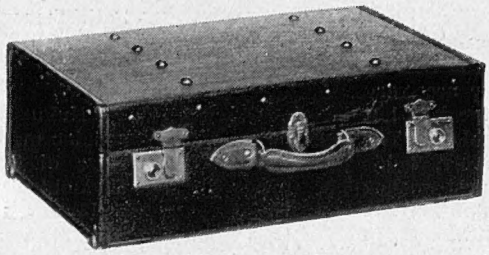
**J. & E. ATKINSON, LTD.**
**24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.**

*Perfumers by Appointment to their Majesties the King and the Queen and to Queen Alexandra.*

S.H.B. 156

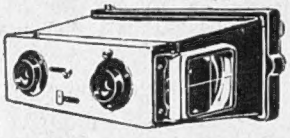
### Really Useful

An always useful present is a suit-case, but to be lasting it, like most other things, must be good. If you are in quest of a present of this description, let me advise you to pay a visit to Denty's Trunk Stores, at 78 and 80, Edgware Road, W., where trunks and suit-cases galore may be seen. Here the great demand for suit-cases has led to the production of a wonderfully cheap series in cowhide leather, with hand-sewn edges, in lengths of 20, 22, and 24 inches, at 21*s.*, 23*s.*, and 25*s.* respectively. The compressed cane suit-case is already known for its lightness, compactness, and durability, and Denty's supply these at marvellously cheap prices, the latter varying from 22*s.* 9*d.* for a 20in. case to 35*s.* 6*d.* for a 30in. case. Whilst of even greater economy they have a special production of "identical" pattern—a series of cases of greater economy, on a compressed 3-ply foundation, perfectly rigid—a feature of known advantage to those who have experienced the crushing of a case in even early stages of its use. In these "rigidity" maintains till the last, the colour is brown, and there are useful webbing straps inside to secure the clothing packed. The cases are perfectly finished and all hand-sewn, and the prices range from 19*s.* 6*d.* to 30*s.* Denty's have been trunk-makers in the Edgware Road since 1820.



A Denty's Compressed Suit Case

This is the 24-inch case, and may be had in compressed cane at 27*s.* 9*d.*, or on a compressed 3-ply foundation at 23*s.* 6*d.*



The Camera for Christmas—A Glyphoscope

### A Camera for Christmas

Every photographer desires to possess a Stereoscope Camera, as only with this instrument is a perfect photograph obtainable in which the details stand out in the same bold relief and perspective as in real life. But until now the one disadvantage in this class of photography has been the price of the camera itself. But now Jules Richard has produced an instrument named the Glyphoscope at 35*s.*, which includes slides and stereoscope, and which has with it a firm guarantee that it will produce perfect results. The Glyphoscope forms an ideal gift for a photographer, and it will be welcomed because it is so much desired. For all information write to Jules Richard, maker of the famous Verascope, 27, New Bond Street, for their list No. 3.

### Pictures

At the *Graphic* Gallery, 190, Strand, is being shown a large collection of framed water-colours, engravings, and prints of all descriptions and at all prices, suitable for Christmas gifts. Intending visitors will find the illustrated catalogue (which will be forwarded on application) of great assistance.

### Supplied: A Third Hand

The "Third Hand" Patents are a series of clever devices of universal utility, which go a long way to supply the need one frequently feels for a third hand in one's daily work. They are ornamental articles suitable for gifts, and serve such a multiplicity of uses that they only require knowing to find a place in every home, whilst the prices are so moderate as to bring them within the reach of everyone. They include the Third Hand "Drawer" vice and hook, the Third Hand Thumb Magnifier, the Third Hand Magnet, the Third Hand Umbrella Clip, the "Roller" Collar Support, and the "Georgian" Sealing Set. This latter is illustrated, and comprises a neat box containing a supply of small balls of sealing wax in various shades, a crucible, a candle or lamp to heat the wax, and a seal cut to any desired initial. A ball which contains just the proper amount of wax is placed in the crucible, heated for about twenty seconds over the flame, and then turned out on to the envelope. The use of the seal then results in a neat and even impression of perfect colour. The prices, complete in handsome presentation cases, are 2*s.* and 5*s.* each.

The Georgian Sealing Set

### The Ball of the Season

Interest grows apace in connection with the huge Costume Ball to be held by the Three Arts Club at the Albert Hall next Wednesday, and there is every reason to believe that the 4,000 dancing tickets will be taken up in a very short time. Music, painting, and the drama have collaborated in the determination to make the ball an unprecedented success, and the fact that Mr. Arthur Bourchier is Chief Master of the Revels, with Mr. Guy Standing and Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop as his assistants, is a sufficient guarantee that everything on the night will go with a smoothness and harmony that will not be marred even by the artificial snowstorm which the meteorological experts predict will take place in the hall during the course of the proceedings. King Santa Claus himself will be drawn to the scene by a team of the daintiest little fairies from the various London theatres. A large number of distinguished actors have signified their intention of being present, and, in many cases, they will bring their whole companies with them, the latter including the Follies, *The Glad Eye*, *The Mousmé*, *Marionettes*, *The Butterfly on the Wheel*, and the *Blue Bird*. In the hall itself, a dancing-floor of unprecedented dimensions has been built up above the existing floor; the great organ has been hidden by a miniature forest; and, with the aid of cunningly devised scenery, lighting, and decoratio s, a complete transformation has been effected under the direction of Mr. G. Sherwood Foster, whose office at the Three Arts Club, 19a, Marylebone Road, is the busy centre from which all the arrangements for the ball are being made.

"Derby Day" in the Under-World

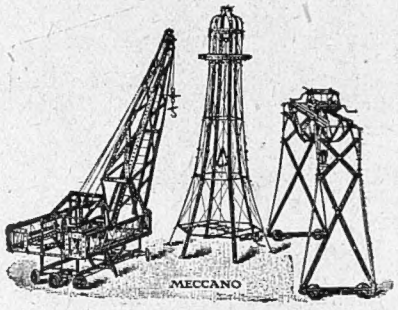
### V.G. Boston Garters

Whether in the strenuous "two-step" or the sedate "crawl," these useful little aids to a man's smart appearance are wholly necessary to his comfort. They lie flat to the leg, but no metal is in contact with the flesh. The tongue, or button, being of rubber, holds tenaciously the thinnest silk or stoutest woollen sock without fear of tearing. Boston Garters cannot slip down nor become unfastened in wear. They are sold by all hosiers and outfitters at from 1s. per pair.

The V.G. Boston Garter

### 100 Toys in One

If you wish to make your boy's eyes sparkle, and fill his mind with a keen pleasure and wonder, put into his hands a Meccano Outfit. With it every boy can construct strong and efficient models of the world's mechanical and engineering wonders. He can build working models of cranes, towers, trucks, signals, windmills, flipflap, aeroplanes, and a hundred other attractive models. To build up a crane, or a bridge, or a signal, etc., etc., so that it *looks* like the real thing is a pleasure to any boy, but to see it working with scientific accuracy adds a hundredfold to the delight. No study is necessary. Every model is of each boy's own creation. As he connects each piece together, he sees his work grow into the complete working model. It absorbs his interest, it stimulates his creative faculties. In time he invents new models for himself. So Meccano has become more than a mere toy—it is an absorbing hobby. Prices range from 3s., 5s., 10s., to 100s. per box. Illustrated list can be had from all toy dealers, or direct from Meccano, Ltd., 272, West Derby Road, Liverpool.



Three Models built with a box of Meccano

### The Magic Wand

The possession of a Pathéphone is like the possession of a magic wand enabling you to conjure up, for the entertainment of yourself and your friends, the brightest spirits of mirth and musical charm. According to your mood or the occasion, you can summon up—through the Pathéphone and Pathé Discs—Harry Lauder, Billy Williams, Will Evans, Fragson, John Coates, Kirkby Lunn, Ben Davies, Carrie Tubb, Phyllis Lett, Constantino, Boninsegna, Bassi, and hundreds of the world's finest vocalists and mirth-makers—you can have the music of the finest bands and instrumentalists. The choice is practically unlimited. The Pathéphone renders with a full, rich tone and reproduces the real "personality" of the singer and entertainer—every touch and expression of the instrumentalist—just as if the artist were there—in your room. The Pathéphone reproduces with the Pathé Sapphire point—no needles to change, no bother. Pathéphones are made in many styles, hornless and otherwise, at prices ranging from 31s.; Pathé Discs are the most moderate in price. They are double-sided, two records on each. Prices: 10in., 2s.; 11in., 3s.; 14in., 4s. Obtainable of music dealers throughout the world. In case of difficulty write for name of nearest agent, catalogues, and lists of records, or call for demonstrations of Pathéphones and Pathé Discs at The Pathé Salon, 64, Regent Street, W.

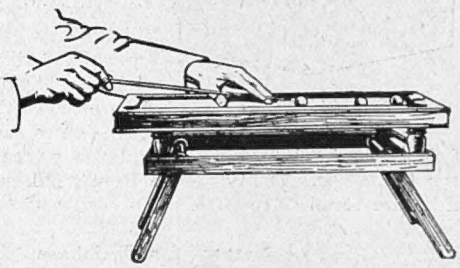
A Pathephone, which is likely to be a very popular present this Xmas

### Miniature Billiards

"Nuku Billiards" offers a practical and genuine method of acquiring a thorough knowledge of how to play and what to play for. Undoubtedly this is the main factor in the game, and after this knowledge has been acquired it is only a matter of practice on a full-sized table with the ordinary cue to produce, even if nothing exceptional, at least a good all-round player above the average. The introduction of "Nuku Billiards," with its wonderfully clever little spring cue—which gives an exact reproduction in miniature, *i.e.*, in proportion to the size of the table and balls used, of the action of an ordinary cue on a full-sized table—will prove a very great asset indeed to the billiard world, both from the point of view of learning and of improvement. It should do much to help on what is undoubtedly one of the, if not the, most scientific and intellectual as well as most enjoyable, games in existence.

### On Coffee-Making

Coffee is so essentially a man's drink that it behoves every woman to know how to make it satisfactorily. Comparatively few domestic servants can make coffee properly, and unfortunately many mistresses are unable to impart the necessary knowledge to their cooks, so that the master of the house can only get his coffee correctly served at his club or restaurant, and even there it is so often boiled, which means spoiled, because the aroma has gone. Figures are always dry, but if ladies will realise that the aroma in coffee is the 400th part of 1 per cent., they will appreciate the importance of exercising care in the making, so as to get a proper result. The Tricolator is a simple contrivance, which makes perfect coffee every time, and as it is so reasonable in price (namely, 3s.) it should be in every household. It fits into the mouth of any three-pint jug, and while the coffee is tricolating through, the cook is able to attend to her various duties, for so long as the jug stands on the hob it can take no harm till she is ready to serve it. The Tricolator not only makes perfect coffee every time, but has other advantages, namely, no breakable parts, no spirit lamp is necessary, and it is easily kept clean. The Tricolator is adapted to be used with any coffee; it is, of course, better to use the best San Paulo "Fazenda," which is packed in air-tight tins, and is sold by grocers at 1s. 10d. per lb. Each tin bears a seal and guarantee of purity of the delegate of the Government of the State of San Paulo, also a free packet of filter papers for use with the Tricolator. I recommend my readers not to take any coffee that is sent to them, but to insist upon having "Fazenda." Very great care is taken in the selection, roasting, and packing of this product, and every tin is guaranteed pure by the Government of the State of San Paulo. Your grocer stocks "Fazenda," but you must ask for it.


Nuku Miniature Billiards

Nuku tables can be obtained at all the principal stores and sports dealers